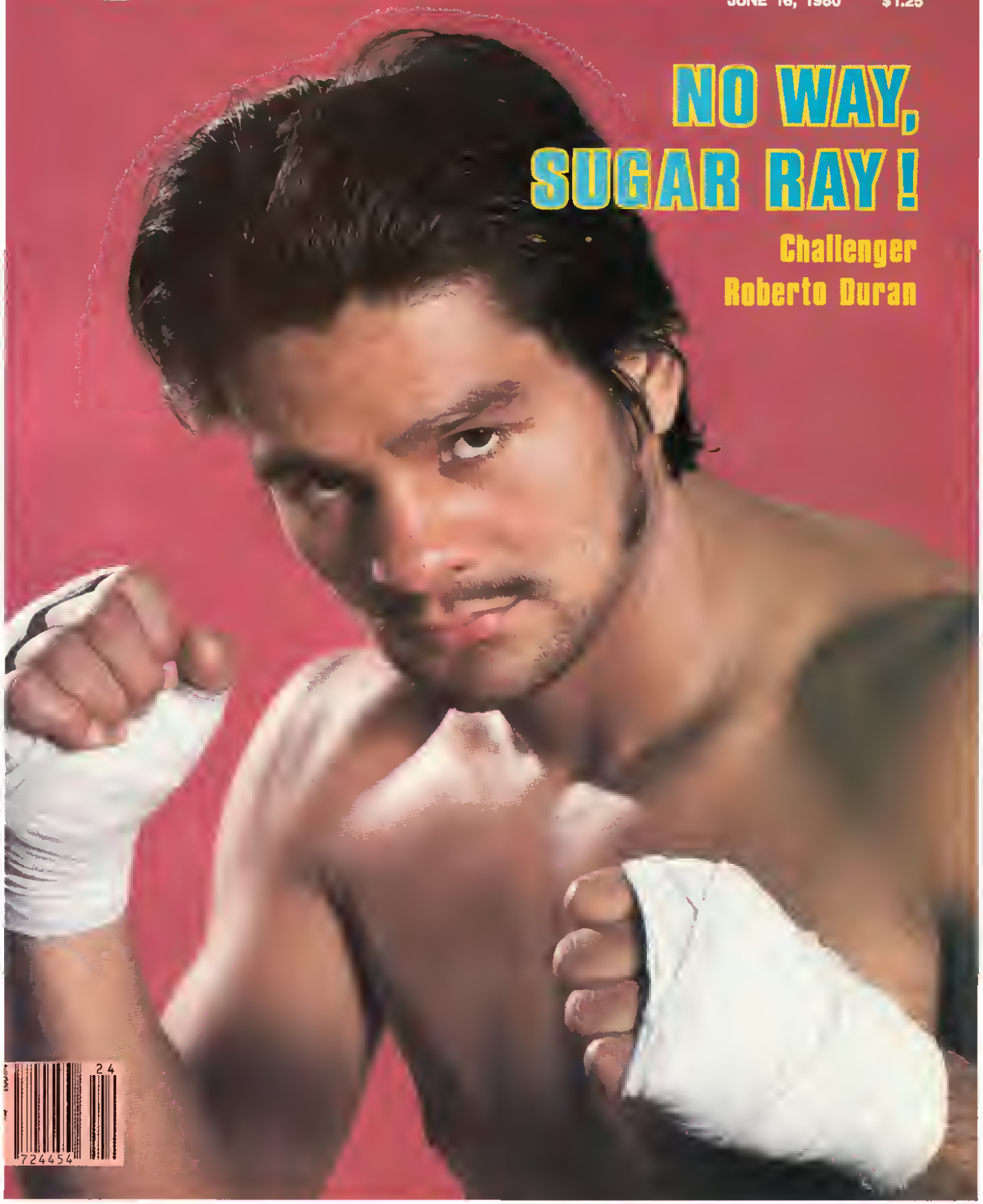
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Sports Illustrated

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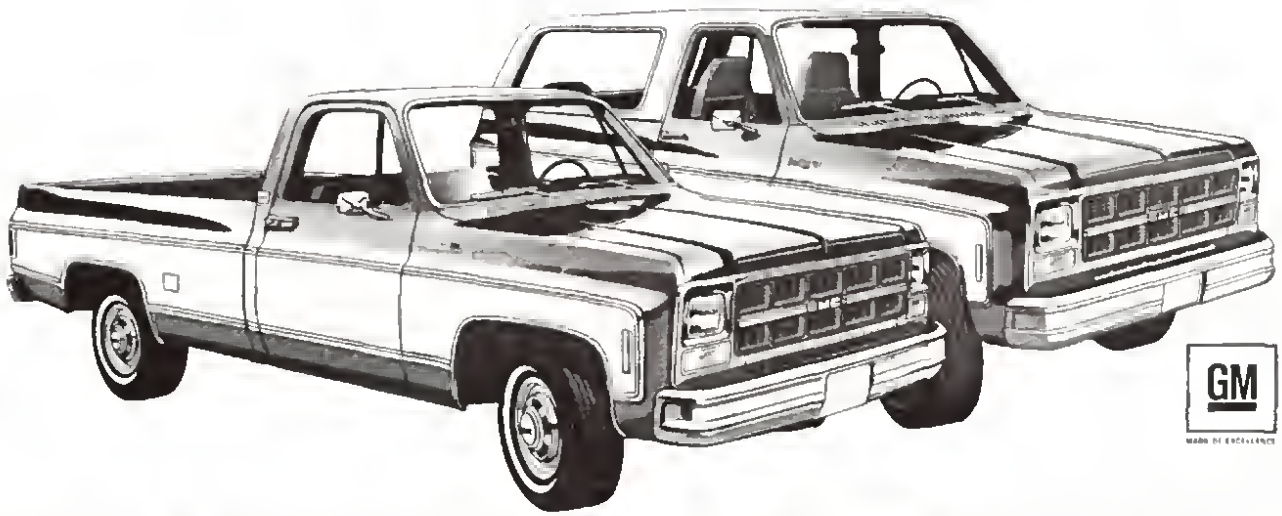
WHAT MAKES COE GO? England's Sebastien Coe, world-record holder in the 800, mile and 1,500, will compete in the Olympics in defiance of his prime minister. In an intimate portrait of the runner and his remarkable family, Kenny Moore tells why

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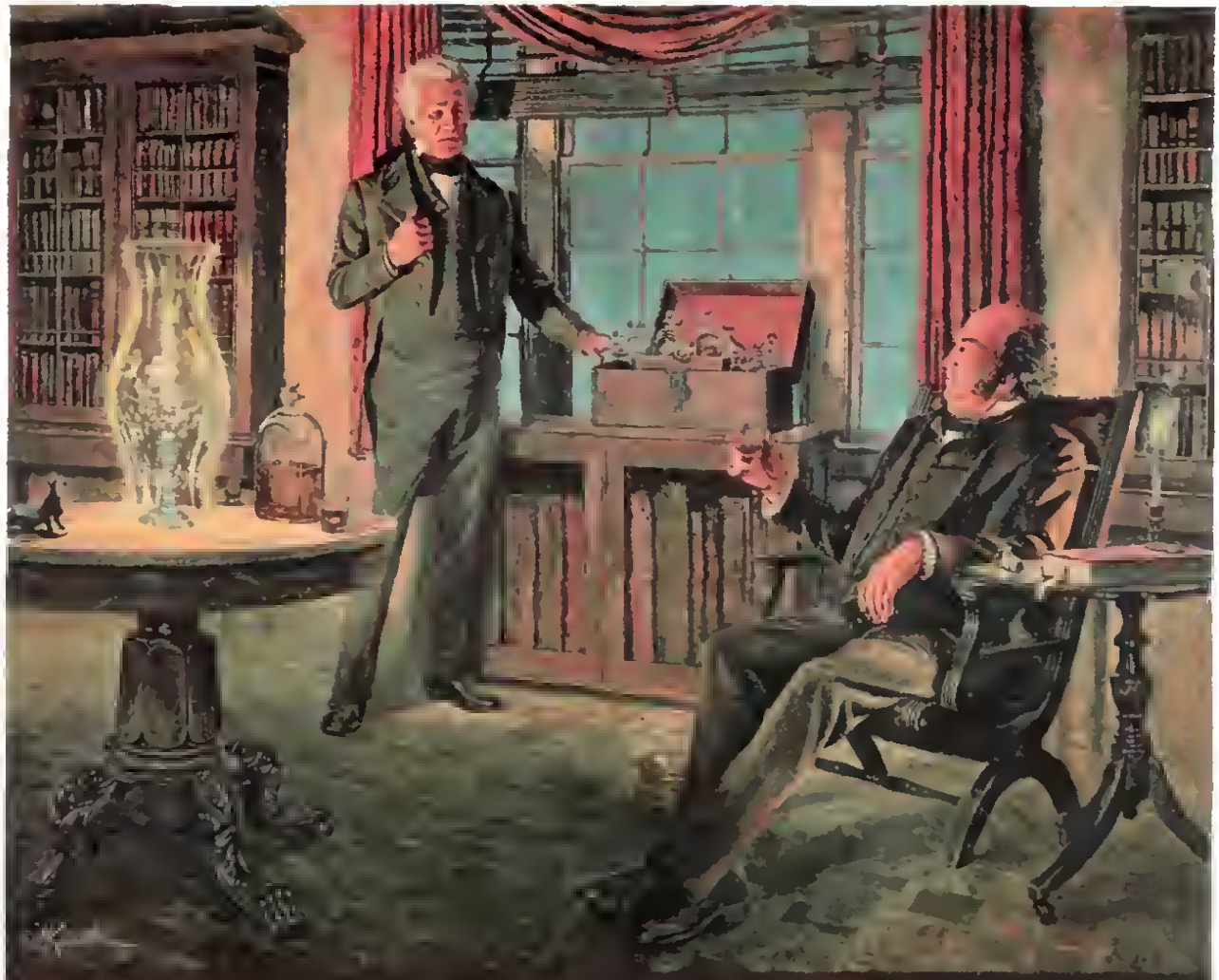


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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

LAST YEAR'S MINOR LEAGUE PHENOM IS 1980'S MAJOR LEAGUE LITERARY HIT

A year ago it was my great pleasure to comment in this space on a marvelous little book, *Don't Let Baseball Die*, the work of an unknown writer named Art Hill and an unknown publisher called Avery Color Studios. I described the volume as "a genuine original, a book that will give any reader who cares about baseball and good prose a full measure of surprise and delight."

Well, it is now my even greater pleasure to report that Art Hill has found his way to a major publisher and come forth with a second book: *I Don't Care If I Never Come Back* (Simon & Schuster, $11.95). Like its predecessor, it is cast in the form of a baseball fan's diary, in fact, some of the material in the first book is recycled in the second—which is entirely acceptable considering the limited distribution of *Don't Let Baseball Die*. But whether it's seeing print for the first time or the second, everything in *I Don't Care If I Never Come Back* is terrific.

For those not fortunate enough to have made Hill's acquaintance, he is a 60-year-old writer who has worked at a number of jobs, defeated alcoholism (a subject he writes about with much candor) and followed the Detroit Tigers with devotion and, often, despair. On the evidence of his writings, he is a funny man who has learned to take defeat in good humor, which is helpful if you happen to be a Tiger fan. He is also observant, perceptive and irreverent. And he knows his baseball.

"I write from the viewpoint of the average fan, although, like any average fan, I think I know more about the game than the average fan," Hill says. He does. He reads *The Sports Encyclopedia: Baseball* and *The Baseball Encyclopedia* the way a CPA reads the tax laws. He has a retentive memory, especially for offbeat anecdotes and revealing incidents. He knows excellence when he sees it and admires it unabashedly:

"... should we not be grateful for the existence of a large field of human activity in which almost all the participants do excel—especially since we can watch them while they do it? I am talking about big league baseball, of course. I think few of us really recognize the degree of excellence it takes to play the game in the major leagues. But almost every fan of long standing can remember an outstanding high school or college player he has seen, one whose skills so far exceeded those of the players around him that he seemed to be playing a different game, but who never came close to making it in the bigs. Once

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you have watched such a player fail, you begin to get some idea of just how good you have to be to play in the majors at all, let alone become a star."

No matter how vehemently Hill gripes and grouses over the shortcomings that pass before his eyes—he goes on for several pages, for example, about Ron LeFlore's refusal to capitalize on his considerable speed by learning to bunt—he never loses sight of the essential point: when he is watching big league ball, he is watching the best. Yet he doesn't get sappy about it. Unlike all those poets and academics who have discovered baseball in recent years, he refuses to make a religion out of the game.

"The deeper meaning of baseball, like that of life, is obscure. It may be that baseball is, under close analysis, pointless. What seems apparent to me is that close analysis is pointless. The game is there. It is the best game there is. That's all I need to know."

It's enough. Hill finds in the game a wealth of material for rumination and digression—the latter being, as he says, "good for the soul." A comment on TV beer advertising leads him to a comment on abuses of the language, which leads him to a comment on truth in advertising, which leads him to a comment on the relative ages of humans and animals. In Hill's hands, it makes sense.

Actually, Hill digresses less in his second book than he did in his first. For the most part, his eye is directly on the diamond. His vision is keen, and the results can be devastating. Of George Steinbrenner he writes, "On television, he often comes across as a rather pleasant, easygoing man who's just trying to get fair value for his money. In reality, he is overbearing and, off his record, odious."

By and large, however, Hill prefers praising to damning. Above all, he praises those players who have stretched their talents to the utmost, giving their all to the game. His highest accolades are reserved for Al Kaline.

"He gave not 110%, which is a meaningless hype phrase, but as close to 100% of himself as any player the game has known. He was a gifted ballplayer but, in my opinion, not quite gifted enough to become one of the game's alltime greats on talent alone. That he did become one is a tribute to such tired old virtues as determination and hard work. He was born a star; he made himself a superstar."

Well, I could go on and on in praise of Art Hill, but a ball game begins in an hour—by happy coincidence, a game between my Orioles and Hill's Tigers. I will be watching on television, and I hope Hill will be in the stands at Tiger Stadium. We'll be rooting against each other, but cheering together for the great old game. And I hope Hill will be taking notes for a third book; one of the many virtues of *I Don't Care If I Never Come Back* is that it leaves the reader hungry for more. **END**



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VIEWPOINT

by BROOKS CLARK

THE OWNERS, NOT THE FANS, CAUSED BASEBALL TO FIZZLE IN WASHINGTON

Fred Watts, in his VIEWPOINT (SI, May 26), argues that moving the Orioles from Baltimore to Washington, D.C. is a bad idea because our capital is a "lousy baseball town." I agree that the Orioles should remain in Memorial Stadium because, as a Washingtonian, I can attest that it's dirty pool for one city to annex the franchise of another. But I cannot agree with the charge that the District of Columbia is a bad place for baseball.

The parade of low attendance figures that so often accompanies that allegation proves nothing. Teams that draw fewer fans never consider moving, while those with more spectators sometimes do. Moreover, the history of poor support for baseball in D.C. is more a reflection of the poor quality of the teams the town has been stuck with than anything else.

Sure, Washington has lost six baseball franchises since 1884, but there are reasons for that—specifically, poor management—that go beyond the simplistic explanation of inadequate ticket sales. Watts also claims that it is the District's undue political clout that's responsible for its being considered for yet another franchise. He couldn't be more wrong.

The real trouble with Washington, D.C. is that its citizens have had *no* political influence. The city did not even elect its own mayor until five years ago, and its representative in Congress does not have a vote. The District has offered little resistance when various baseball owners have decided to move, with the exception of a few complaints from miscellaneous Congressmen—mostly of the sort who pack *no wallop* on the *Hill*.

Washington's most recent loss—the expansion Senators' shift to some freeway outpost in Texas—was the work of Robert Short, a trucking magnate who bought the Washington team in 1969, turned it into the Texas Rangers in 1972 and sold it in 1974. He mismanaged the Senators. His bad trades ruined a team that had good prospects. His ticket prices were exorbitant. And Short's feelings for the baseball fans in Washington were nil. He sold out the District and made a great profit on the deal.

But Washington as a metropolitan area is improving, and the citizens are feeling pride of place now that they have some say in their political destinies. As Edward Bennett Williams, the Orioles' owner who used to be the Redskins' main man, can testify, you never hear the 'Skins griping about lack of support from the fans. The District has gotten a bum rap, and it deserves better. **END**

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Where did this appear? Time? Business Week? People? No, it's from *Sole Support*, a piece in Sports Illustrated's Scorecard, where the news of sports is wide and varied.

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Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

OPENING UP TO CHANGE

The National Hockey League's woes continue unabated. The financially ailing Atlanta Flames, the NHL's first and only entry in the Deep South, have bolted for Calgary, leaving the league even more concentrated than before in Canada and the northern U.S. The NHL also continues to toil without a national television contract. CBS did televise the New York Islanders' 5–4 overtime defeat of the Philadelphia Flyers in the sixth and decisive game of the Stanley Cup finals, but the results were embarrassing: while an early-season baseball game between the Dodgers and the Cubs was grabbing a 26% share of the audience on NBC, the NHL showdown claimed only 17%, more than one-fifth of which was in New York City. In other NHL cities, the Stanley Cup game drew audience shares as small as 6%, and interest elsewhere was practically nonexistent.

Clearly, many sports fans have trouble taking NHL hockey seriously. The game suffers from uncontrolled fighting, which league officials ritually defend as "part of the game," and other outrages abound. Following the Islanders' final victory, during which the New Yorkers scored two disputed goals, Philadelphia owner Ed Snider bitterly said, "The problem with this league is [referee-in-chief] Scotty Morrison. He should be shot." Shockingly, NHL President John Ziegler has yet to publicly rebuke Snider for his unconscionable outburst. (Morrison has threatened legal action against Snider, saying, "I don't intend to treat this lightly in this day of kooks.")

More encouraging, at its meeting later this month in Los Angeles, the NHL Board of Governors is expected to consider adoption of sudden-death overtime in the regular season, a move that would eliminate some of the ties (142 this past season) that send many fans home dissatisfied. It may also consider proposals to abandon the center red line and to move each goal and each blue line five yards closer to center ice. Abolishing the red line would reduce offside calls that disrupt play and prolong games. Moving out the nets and blue lines would increase the skating area behind each goal line, affording spectators a better view of action around the net. It also would open up play, making it harder to freeze the puck, and keep defensemen too busy chasing opposing forwards to park in front of the net. The result might be less crowding in the corners and at the goal mouth and, therefore, fewer fights, injuries and fluke goals.

The price of such an innovation would be high—a reduction of the center ice area, where skaters build up speed as they advance toward the attacking zone. But Minnesota North Star General Manager Lou Nanne, for one, favors experimenting with the proposal during the NHL's 1980 exhibition games. Nanne notes that by putting a greater priority on finesse than on thuggery, the changes could give the NHL more of the flavor of international hockey, which uses bigger rinks and offers, as many people discovered during the Lake Placid Olympics, a cleaner, faster-paced, more wide-open and often more enjoyable game than the one the NHL insists on playing.

FOREVER LUIS

When it appeared last month that there were ballplayers among the Cuban refugees flocking to the U.S., Bowie Kuhn promptly forbade their signing, fearing, among other things, that a costly bidding war for them might develop among major league clubs (SCORECARD, May 19). Last week Kuhn lifted the ban, and the reason he felt relaxed enough to do so became quickly apparent. The Detroit Tigers awarded contracts to Shortstop Eduardo Cajuso and Centerfielder Roberto Salazar, both 22, but the other 25 clubs didn't sign any Cubans, having concluded that most of them were out of shape and older than they admitted to being. You'd think they'd never heard of an out-of-shape, older-than-he-admits Cuban named Luis Tiant, who's still effective enough to be a starting pitcher, with a 4–3 record, for the American League-leading New York Yankees.

DIRTY T SHIRTS

The presidential primaries are over, but George Bush has a lingering problem that arose on May 14, six days before the Republican primary in Oregon. Campaigning in Eugene, a hotbed of running, Bush had gone on a 3½-mile jog and invited local residents to accompany him, giving 700 of them T shirts boasting I JOGGED WITH GEORGE BUSH. Alas, Bush not only was trounced in the Oregon election by Ronald Reagan but he also has been told by Oregon Secretary of State Norma Paulus that the T-shirt giveaway violated the state's Corrupt Practices



Act, which prohibits candidates from exercising "undue influence" on voters by giving them "anything of value."

Bush aides said they gave out the shirts after receiving legal advice that in campaigns for national office, federal election laws preempt state laws. Bush himself has made light of the situation, suggesting that the shirts should have been lent to the joggers until they became sweat-soaked during the run, at which point they could have been formally given to them. "How can you call a used T shirt anything of value?" he reasoned.

But the relentless Paulus said she was seriously considering prosecuting Bush campaign officials; violations of the law are punishable by up to a year in jail and a $1,000 fine. Paulus said that before the jog she had taken the position that the Oregon law was not superseded by federal law and had exacted a prom-

continued

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GOODYEAR

Out front. Pulling away.

ise from local Bush officials that no T shirts would be given out. Curiously, Paulus described herself as a "Bush Republican," a characterization that moved one Bush aide, Peter Hunt, to say, "That's absurd. The woman's got to be crazy."

DEALING WITH DARRYL

You've heard of athletes rewriting the record book? Well, the Philadelphia 76ers' Darryl Dawkins may be on his way toward rewriting the *rule* book. Mindful of the two Plexiglas backboards that Dawkins shattered last season, NBA owners decided at their meeting last week in Coronado, Calif. to experiment during upcoming summer-league competition and next season's training camps and exhibition games with collapsible, spring-action rims, which release under great—which is to say, Dawkinsian—force and then quickly snap back into position. The hope is that the new rims will help prevent shattered backboards, reducing the risk of both injury and the sort of delays that give TV producers fits.

The owners also voted to abolish the wearing of jewelry during games, another trademark of Dawkins, who has been known to take the court sporting a dazzling array of chains and an earring. NBA officials say the rule applies to all jewelry, although they add that religious medals may be fastened inside a pants pocket or the like. They say the ban arose out of fear that a player might slip on a broken chain or cut an eye on an errant medallion. The action figures to greatly inconvenience Dawkins, who has likened his jewelry to Samson's hair, calling it the source of his strength. If that's the case, the owners could have simply banished jewelry and forgotten about the collapsible rims.

QUESTIONING AN ASSUMPTION

The *Los Angeles Times* said last week that 30 athletes from nine schools—UCLA, Southern Cal, Utah, Nevada-Las Vegas, Pepperdine, San Jose State, Hawaii, Cal Poly-Pomona and Santa Barbara City College—received credit in 1977 for summer extension-course classes that few, if any, of them attended. According to the newspaper, the courses—in U.S. history, anatomy and English grammar—were offered by California Lutheran College and supposedly taught by a disabled dentist, Richard T. Street, at his home in Los Alamitos, 60 miles from the school's suburban Los Angeles campus. Those said to have been enrolled in the courses included some of the biggest names yet to surface in the ever-widening college transcript scandal.

Among the athletes were several UCLA stars, notably Jerry Robinson, an All-America linebacker now with the Philadelphia Eagles; Theotis Brown, a running back now with the St. Louis Cardinals; and James Wilkes, a starter on last season's NCAA runner-up basketball team. According to the *Times*, all three acknowledged that they never attended the extension classes and professed to be puzzled by the appearance of their names on class rosters. The *Times* reported that it contacted eight other athletes who also said they hadn't attended the classes, while six more claimed they attended but didn't seem to realize that the classes were supposedly conducted in a Los Alamitos home. Three others insisted that they attended but refused to give details, one of them saying, "I got the credits so I must have went." The paper reported that another of the athletes, ex-UCLA placekicker Frank Corral, now with the Los Angeles Rams, referred questions to his lawyer, who declined comment. The *Times* said it couldn't reach the 10 remaining athletes.

For one reason or another, some of the schools whose athletes were enrolled in the Cal Lutheran courses didn't always honor the resulting credits; UCLA was one that didn't, Hawaii another. But results are one thing, intent another. The *Times* quoted Mike Quinn, a former assistant football coach at San Jose State, as admitting that he steered two football players into the Cal Lutheran classes on the assumption they would receive credit without attending them. The *Times* also said that two Pasadena City College coaches, Jesse Gomez and Jack Loos, admitted taking the courses with the same expectation. "O.K., I took the units and I didn't go to class—I paid for them," Gomez was quoted as saying.

The latest allegations mean that nearly 100 athletes at more than two dozen colleges have now been implicated in the various academic transcript scandals. These imposing numbers raise a serious question about the fundamental assumption underlying big-time, big-money college sports: that there are enough quality athletes to be found who can fill arenas and stadiums and also are capable of making the grade in the classroom. Without cheating, that is.

THE DOGGED WATCHDOG OF HOT DOGS

Once again, Ron Gordon has come to the aid of San Francisco Giant fans. Last year, Gordon, a high school biology teacher, persuaded the city's Recreation and Park Commission to rescind a nickel increase in the price of hot dogs at Candlestick Park on the grounds that the hike was unjustified by basic hot-dog economies (SCORECARD, April 16, 1979). This season the commission announced price increases for vended hot dogs and Polish sausages of 15¢ and 30¢, respectively. But Gordon noted that the increases were actually 20¢ and 35¢—apparently because the commission forgot about the rescinded nickel. He further learned that the concessionaire, Stevens California Enterprises, Inc., was now selling five-to-a-pound Polishes instead of four-to-a-pound ones. Prodded by Gordon, the commission asked Stevens to return to the larger sausages and also to lop the extra nickel off its prices, putting a vended hot dog at 90¢, a Polish at $1.75.

Gordon says he's spent $3,000 out of his own pocket on phone calls and postage to get the lowdown on hot-dog prices and to bombard the media and the commission with data. Among his findings is the fact that what is known in San Diego, Atlanta and several other cities as a Super Dog is called a Jumbo in St. Louis, a Colossal in Kansas City, a Slugger in Boston, a Super Brewer in Milwaukee and a Giant Dog in Toronto. And that prices for a regular hot dog range from 70¢ in Wrigley Field to $1 in Shea Stadium. And that the sizes of the dogs also vary widely, from 1⅓ ounces in Montreal and Toronto to 2⅔ ounces in Detroit. And, finally, that only Baltimore and Houston failed to raise their hot-dog prices over the past year. Despite the obvious need for more like him, Gordon vows he'll henceforth leave consumer protection to Ralph Nader, saying, without relish, "It's time for me to hang up my buns."

THEY SAID IT

- Billy Martin, Oakland manager, on his success at teaching fundamentals to his new team: "I taught in New York, but not too many listened. The players here have bigger ears."
- Bum Phillips, Houston Oiler coach: "Earl Campbell ain't like those high-priced, spoiled athletes. Why, he had me over to his office the other day just like one of the guys." **END**

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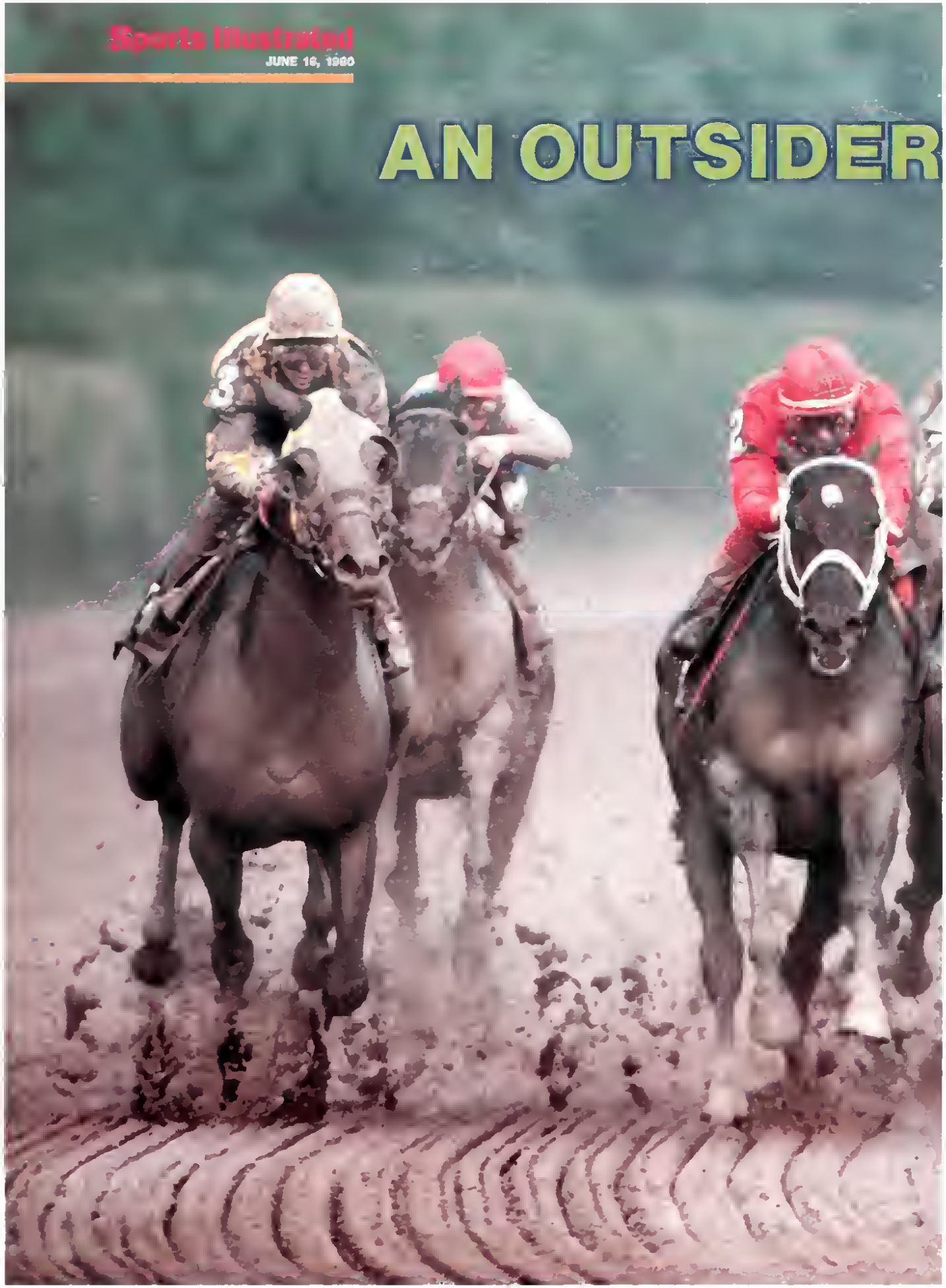


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Sports Illustrated
JUNE 16, 1980

AN OUTSIDER



COMES IN

Temperence Hill (far left) was misspelled in the official Belmont program and miscast as a 53–1 shot, but he splashed to a stunning win

by **WILLIAM LEGGETT**



CONTINUED



Temperence Hill, who paid $108.80, made his move in the stretch, overtaking Kentucky Derby winner Genuine Risk (middle) and Rockhill Native (inside)

BELMONT *continued*

Up to this point the 58,090 spectators on hand for Saturday's 112th running of the Belmont Stakes had acted like normal racing fans, their cheering swelling, becoming a great roar as the three leaders swept through the final turn and into the top of the muddy stretch. But with less than a hundred yards to go, a preternatural hush fell over Belmont Park, as everyone suddenly realized which horse was going to win. It wouldn't be Genuine Risk, the Kentucky Derby-winning filly who was the sentimental favorite—and the 5–1 third betting choice. Nor would it be Rockhill Native, who despite a lack of success in Triple Crown races at least had a familiar name. No, the winner would be Temperence Hill, a colt so unsung that even those lucky few who bet on him were presumably left speechless. No wonder. They stood to collect a $108.80 payoff for each $2 wager, the second highest price in the history of the race.

Temperence Hill hadn't competed in—much less won—either the Derby or the Preakness. In fact, he had finished a woeful fifth against a decidedly non-Triple Crown field two weeks before. But



there are good reasons why Temperence Hill won the Belmont and will continue to win big races. For one thing, breeding. His sire is Stop the Music, who earned $448,922 before being sent to stand at Greentree Stud in 1976. Temperence Hill is no fluke, the Belmont odds notwithstanding.

On Feb. 26 of this year, Temperenee Hill won for the first time in his life, at Oaklawn Park in Hot Springs, Ark. The date is important because 11 days previous, nominations closed for the Kentucky Derby, and Temperence Hill wasn't one of the 293 horses nominated to run at Churchill Downs. "He was a lousy maiden," says his 38-year-old trainer, Joe Cantey, "but a horse that we thought had real ability. He was stubborn, always wanting to do things his own way, and he still is. In each of his 2-year-old starts, I thought he'd run better than he did. He finished fourth, sixth and seventh, so there was no way I could nominate him for the Derby, Preakness or Belmont. But in that race at Oaklawn, I got the feeling that he might be something special."

After that Temperence Hill went on to win the $178,600 Arkansas Derby and to finish second to Colonel Moran in the $57,000 Withers at Belmont. Then on May 26 Cantey sent him to Keystone Race Track near Philadelphia to run in the Pennsylvania Derby. Temperence Hill, the favorite that day, came in fifth. "I couldn't understand why he ran so bad," Cantey says. "He just didn't want to run."

Cantey entered Temperence Hill in a turf race at Belmont on May 31 "to find out where I could go with the horse." Temperence Hill ran well against older horses and finished third after a very rough trip. "In a way it proved that the race at Keystone was a fluke," says Cantey. "The race on the grass was encouraging enough to make me give him a chance in the Belmont. I know he likes going the distance." On Saturday, Temperence Hill didn't seem to mind the slop, either. Cantey had him fitted with mud calks for better traction, and that may have been an important decision. He was the only Belmont horse to wear them.

To get Temperence Hill into the race Loblolly Stable owner John Ed Anthony, a 40-year-old lumberman from Fordyce, Ark., had to come up with a $20,000 supplemental entry fee. It was, of course, worth every penny—especially for a guy who's trying to put his hometown on the map. "Most people know Fordyce only because Bear Bryant was born near there," says Anthony. "But I love Arkansas and all the things about Fordyce. The name Loblolly comes from the predominant pine tree in that area. I name all my horses for things or places in or around Fordyce. I had a horse called Cox's Ridge [a very good horse—trained by Cantey—who won 11 stakes and nearly $700,000] that was named after a ridge near Fordyce. Temperence Hill is named for a spot not far from Fordyce where a church is located. To get there, you have to pass Cox's Ridge. I know that Temperence Hill is spelled wrong, that it should be Temperance Hill. I wasn't sure how to spell temperance, and so when I was sending in the name, I hollered to my secretary and asked her how to spell it. She said 'with an e.' " The confusion is still evident. The official Belmont program misspelled—or didn't, if you go by Webster's instead of the foal certificate—the colt's name.

Anthony, who paid $80,000 for Temperence Hill as a yearling, says, "I started to get good feelings about the Belmont at the quarter pole. He never should have been 53–1. He's far better than those odds."

This year's Belmont was supposed to be a rematch between Codex and Genuine Risk after their controversial bump, brush or graze in the stretch in the Preakness three weeks before. Like most rematches of this nature, it never caught fire. Codex, who had run poorly in his only previous appearance on an off-track, stalked the early leaders and fizzled to a seventh-place finish, beaten by nearly 10 lengths by Temperence Hill and nearly eight by Genuine Risk. Codex had gone off as the 8–5 favorite, and Rumbo, another California colt, who was the second favorite (9–5), finished fifth.

The most memorable thing about this year's Triple Crown isn't that the winners were three different horses for the first time in five years, but the remarkable valor of Genuine Risk. Not only was she the only 3-year-old to run in all three races, but she also ran her heart out in every one.

Her loss in the Belmont—like her defeat in the Preakness—was perhaps more a matter of ill fortune than a lack of talent or guts. In the stretch Saturday, Risk's jockey, Jacinto Vasquez, sensed that, though he was in front, he wouldn't win. He and Risk had endured 1⅜ miles of traffic snarls, and when he asked her to dig in for one final run, she did not respond. "It just wasn't there," Vasquez would say. "When you draw the rail at Belmont Park, you can get in trouble. Risk got the rail and she got trouble." Nonetheless, she held on well into the last furlong before Temperence Hill, with Eddie Maple going to the whip more than 25 times, pulled past her, and won in a poky 2:29⅘.

Nevertheless, Genuine Risk will be remembered as the star of this Triple Crown series. She is somehow both flashy and demure, a filly of ice and iron in a velvet glove. Even for the most robust of the colts, the Triple Crown races are immensely tough, what with all the shipping and training and running. Risk handled all these matters perfectly. And as LeRoy Jolley, her trainer, said after the Belmont, "She ran a super, super race." Risk will rest now and probably be readied for the Alabama Stakes in August at Saratoga, a race for 3-year-old fillies. Will she meet the boys again? Perhaps. Perhaps not. Genuine Risk really doesn't need to do anything more to prove that she was, overall, better than this year's Triple Crown colts. **END**

Eddie Maple went to the whip 25 times or more while driving Temperence Hill to the finish line

Maple's smile was as sweet as syrup at the end





Borg was never more dominant as he muscled his way through seven matches, losing only 38 games

TWO FEATS ON CLAY

On their toes for the first leg of the Grand Slam, Bjorn Borg and Chris Evert Lloyd won the French Open, his fifth and her fourth **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

By the time the Exposition de Bjorn Borg closed in Paris last week, it was impossible to choose just which segment of French life—the mercantile or the athletic—this remarkable performer had influenced most. All over verdant, terraced Roland Garros Stadium on the southeastern rim of the Bois de Boulogne there were Bjorn Borg shirts and Bjorn Borg photographs, Bjorn Borg warmup suits and Bjorn Borg coaching-aid tape cassettes. Even Bjorn Borg candy bars. Of course, there was Bjorn Borg tennis, too. Seven works of art had been displayed. The only thing officials, spectators and opponents alike could do was watch in awe as Borg ripped apart another major tournament—in the final on Sunday he routined Vitas Gerulaitis 6–4, 6–1, 6–2—to become the first man to win the French Open three years in a row as well as the first to win it five times in all.

Borg has been winning in Paris for so long now, it seemed inconceivable that when he celebrated his birthday last Friday, he was only 24. Just as the French Open overshadows Borg's birthday party every June, it in turn is overshadowed by Wimbledon, which Borg soon will be trying to win also for the fifth time. Yet his historical achievements at Roland Garros are equally extraordinary, maybe even more so.

To win on the slow, exhausting red dirt of Paris requires tenacity, patience, stamina and a zealous workaholism, attributes that are often irrelevant in the capricious, lucky-bounce, serve-and-volley grass court game. As Borg said, in comparing his marvelous performances in the two European amphitheaters, "At Wimbledon it is very *gambling*. Here it is much more *tiring*. No cheap points. I have to work so very hard. For sure, I have to play well every single ball every time to survive."

Survive? This year "The French," as the first of the Grand Slam events is referred to on the tour, drew 17 of the top 20 players in the world, eight of the top 10 and all of the top five. And yet Borg won—easy.

"I don't know why anyone bothers," says Victor Amaya, who took the doubles with Hank Pfister. "For most of us, Paris is a great tournament because of the city, the food, the Continental experience, the romantic trip with our wife or girl friend. But some people don't realize

[illegible] OGRAPHS BY [illegible] ADAMS

this is the Borg Invitational. They think they can actually win the thing. What a joke."

In the first round at Paris, Gerulaitis nearly lost to a German nobody named Peter Elter. He *had* lost at Rome to a French nobody named Thierry Tulasne. "Who are these foreign guys?" the G-man wailed. In the second round, Jimmy Connors nearly lost to the handsome, debonair, throatless wonder Jean-François Caujolle. Down two sets to love, match point, Connors bellowed some obscenities, revived and instead lost only $1,000 in fines. In the third round, John McEnroe lost to the vastly improved Australian, Paul McNamee, who used his new two-handed backhand—or rather ran around his new two-handed backhand—to win the best match of the entire tournament by the fairly preposterous score of 7–6, 6–7, 7–6, 7–6. And in the fourth round, the whole tournament lost when "*l'affaire* washout" resulted in Manuel Orantes being defaulted when he refused to take the court against Guillermo Vilas.

This fiasco had its beginnings when Vilas turned up sick one afternoon after a steak luncheon in the press room and asked that his match with Orantes be delayed a half hour until 3:30 while he received an enema—or as the celebrated couturier turned temporary press attache Ted Tinling described it, a "wash-out"—from the tournament doctor. Officials granted the request but failed to alert Orantes, who, not having spotted Vilas on the premises, waited the mandatory 15 minutes until 3:15 and then demanded that Vilas be defaulted.

Unaware of this development, Vilas arrived at Roland Garros ready to play at 3:30, but Orantes angrily declined to take the court. The officials now faced a question: Whom to *disqualify*? (Obvious answer: themselves.) Maybe they should have summoned Inspector Clouseau. What they did do was nothing. While the pot boiled overnight, so did Orantes. When the match was rescheduled the next day, the heretofore sporting Spaniard still refused to play, so Vilas was declared the winner and went straight into the quarterfinals without hitting a ball. Presumably without eating another press-room steak, either.

As a former champion (1977) and, more important, a 1980 threat—Vilas upset Borg in the Nations Cup in Düsseldorf, West Germany on clay five weeks ago—the Argentine obviously was treated with kid gloves by a tournament desperate to hang on to anybody who might stay on court against Borg for at least a few minutes. If his name had been, say, Buster Mottram, it would have been *au revoir*. On the other hand, the aging Orantes was fatuous not to agree to play a weakened opponent whom, under any other conditions, he would have had little chance of defeating.

The ennui that had been inflicted on the men's field in the face of the Borg onslaught—a random sample: 6–0, 6–3, 6–3 over Corrado Barazzutti in approximately 12 minutes in the quarters—continued unabated despite *l'affaire*. Even Vilas was suspected of taking ill not from food but from a mere glimpse of Borg and the horrifying thought that the Swede might be contemplating revenge. The lefthanded poet usually loses big matches to Harold Solomon anyway. This time Vilas had an excuse in his quarterfinal with Solomon as he petered out, 1–6, 6–4, 7–6, 7–5, saying, "Something happened outside my will."

In the other half of the draw Gerulaitis and Connors advanced to the semifinals to play against each other for the first time since Gerulaitis' victory last January in the Masters. But instead of contesting a five-set drama of daring aggression and epic shotmaking, the two contested a five-set drama of unforced errors, missed opportunities and other horrendous spaced-out stuff that appeared to be nothing more than plea-copping to avoid certain embarrassment in the final.

The women's half of the tournament was equally predictable. With Tracy Austin, Martina Navratilova and Evonne Goolagong choosing to sit this one out, Chris Evert Lloyd—now *that* name rings a bell—won her fourth French title in five attempts, leaving her one behind Margaret Court, the only woman ever to beat Evert Lloyd in Paris.

Returning from a self-imposed three-month layoff—not retirement—Evert Lloyd won the Italian Open two weeks earlier with.

After a three-month rest Evert Lloyd has served notice she is set for Wimbledon

she said, "Everything back to normal except, oh hoy, my confidence. I can't seem to find it." But in Paris, after the alluring teen-agers Bettina Bunge and Hana Mandlikova both took her to three sets, Evert Lloyd quickly found that confidence on the Champs Elysées or somewhere, and she thrashed Virginia Ruzici 6–0, 6–3 in the final.

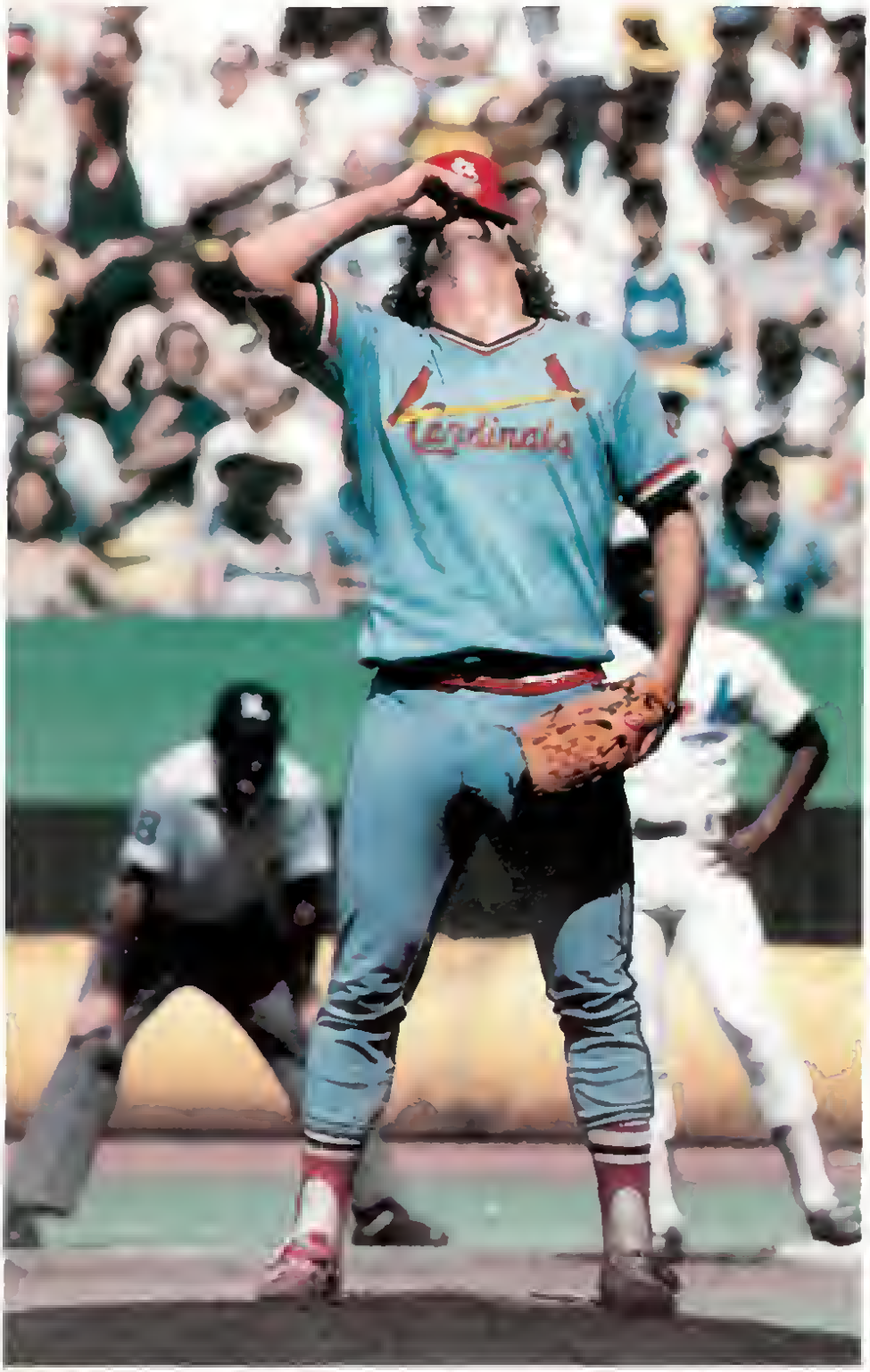
In many ways Borg's final was even easier. Gerulaitis touched him for seven games on those occasions when he could find the ball after Borg had dug enormous craters in the dust with his thundering topspin. It seemed like just another practice exhibition in the stadium in which Borg has lost only once since 1976.

Some people think this is Borg's year to lose at Wimbledon, where, if the turf is wet and slick, his fabulous running skills could be thwarted and someone with a huge serve—an Amaya or Roscoe Tanner, for instance—could put together a miracle afternoon. But the French? It was last year that Barazzutti said the whole thing was becoming ridiculous, that at Roland Garros they should have two tournaments, one with Borg and one without him.

In Paris last week, that's just what the French Open had. END



THEY'VE COMMITTED CARDINAL SINS



Vuckovich felt lousy when Montreal scored in the eighth and rotten when St. Louis lost in the 13th.

Bad fortune and worse playing have put hard-hitting St. Louis in last place—and the beleaguered Ken Boyer out of a job

by WILLIAM NACK

In the bottom of the ninth last Thursday night, with the bases loaded, no one out and the score tied 1–1, George Frazier, a 25-year-old relief pitcher for the St. Louis Cardinals, strolled back of the Shea Stadium mound and contemplated the damage of the last few minutes as 7,202 Mets fans, unaccustomed to the luxury of seeing an opponent in such circumstances, sent him raspberries, collect.

Yes, the Cardinals were in a jam again. It was a jam they had brought on themselves, and it echoed a theme of failure they had been playing all season. True, St. Louis had recently reversed its form—from being a team that couldn't pitch to being one that couldn't hit—but not its penchant for losing. In fact, the only thing that would really change last week would be that Manager Ken Boyer, the old St. Louis hero, would, on Sunday, lose his job.

Boyer got canned because of the sort of things that occurred on Thursday. The Cards' starter, Bob Sykes, had allowed only five hits in seven innings, but the St. Louis hitters had got only four hits themselves. Boyer had gone to the bullpen not because the starting pitcher needed help but because his league-leading hitters did. And he pinch-hit for Sykes knowing full well that the St. Louis bullpen has hardly been the place to turn for succor this season.

Frazier had loaded the bases by giving up a hit to Steve Henderson, by walking Joel Youngblood and by failing to field Alex Trevino's bunt. So there he was, alone and with trouble all around him, as if briefly embodying the fortunes of his entire team.

Setting himself, Frazier reached back and fired a slider to Pinch Hitter Mike

Jorgensen. Inside, ball one. Frazier let fly again, this time a fastball. Low, ball two. The crowd was stomping and whistling now. A bit unnerved, Frazier fired another fastball. Outside, ball three. The crowd erupted, and Catcher Ted Simmons came to the mound.

"Throw it over," Simmons said. "He hits it to somebody and we still might get out of this."

Frazier walked behind the mound, leaned back and stretched. "Take a deep breath," he said to himself. "Think positive. Get him out." Then he came down the pipe with the obligatory 3–0 fastball, which Jorgensen took. There was only one thing to do now, and Jorgensen was waiting for it. The ball came down the middle again, and Jorgensen stroked it neatly on the screws. The ball jumped off his bat and rose in a line over the head of Righlfielder George Hendrick, who froze in a crouch as the ball sailed past, not turning to watch it go by, not moving at all. The ball hit near the warning track and bounced off the wall. And Henderson trotted in to score the winning run.

So it has been going for a team that was supposed to be a contender in the National League East this year. That the Cardinals aren't remotely close to contending is the reason Boyer was fired between games of a doubleheader on Sunday in Montreal, which, sure enough, the Expos swept, 9–4 and 6–4. Boyer's successor is Whitey Herzog, who won three consecutive division titles with Kansas City before finishing second in 1979 and being fired himself after the season. Herzog inherits a team that has lost 22 of its last 27 games for a stunning 18–33 record, the worst in the majors.

What makes the plight of the Cardinals so curious—and Herzog's new job so frustrating—is their reputation as the best-hitting team in baseball. Four of their starters—Ken Reitz, Keith Hernandez, Simmons and Hendrick—were each hitting around .300 at the end of last week. Garry Templeton has been there much of the year, and Bobby Bonds will doubtless come close before the season ends. As of last Saturday Reitz was leading the league in batting average with .344. Hernandez, the defending champion, was right behind him at .342. Hendrick was among the league leaders in home runs (11) and runs batted in (39). The team led the league in hitting with an average of .277 and was second only to Philadelphia in runs scored. Yet there they were, trailing the Mets in the East, the Giants in the West. In fact, every team in every division.

The reasons for the collapse may seem as easy to find as the baseball stats in the morning newspaper. The pitching staff's earned run average was the highest in the National League, a lofty 4.20. The Cardinals had given up more runs (239) than anyone else, and their bullpen had just six saves and had been chiefly responsible for opponents winning 11 games in their last at bat.

"Our pitching has taken the brunt of the criticism," says Claude Osteen, the Cardinal pitching coach. "But that hasn't been the entire problem. I'm not pointing my finger at any one person, but we have lost games because of poor defense many times. Pitching has been the culprit on some days, too, and we've also lost because we didn't get timely hits. I'm tired of hearing about the pitching. It's hard to put your finger on who's to blame."

Osteen is right. While the pitching staff, particularly the bullpen, has taken the most heat for the Cardinals' failure, the real reasons go much deeper. St. Louis' shortcomings are complex, and by nature interacting. Taken as a whole, they offer a case study of how an apparently strong young team, a seemingly sure contender, can suddenly turn into a straggler.

Despite the Cardinals' abundance of hitting, it is often inefficient and ineffective. Defensive play has been sporadic. At times Boyer relied on questionable tactics. When the Cards are hitting, they frequently get no pitching; when they get pitching, as they have of late, the bats tend to go silent. And there have been a number of debilitating injuries.

The injuries have been particularly damaging to what had promised to be a solid starting rotation, which in turn has put more pressure on the chronically weak St. Louis bullpen. John Fulgham, the 24-year-old righthander who had a 10–6 record and 2.53 ERA last season, strained a biceps tendon in his right shoulder so severely that he couldn't lift the arm for three weeks in late April and May. Silvio Martinez, whose 15–8 record led the staff last year, injured his right elbow in early April, was hit hard thereafter and went on the disabled list on June 1. On the same day, Reliever Mark Littell, who had 13

continued

FIVE TO FORGET

Each defeat is a disappointment, but for the pitcher-poor Cardinals five were horrendous.

DATE		LINESCORE
4/18	St. Louis	012 302 002 - 10 14 1
	Pittsburgh	600 103 11x - 12 16 0
4/22	St. Louis	213 510 000 - 12 16 0
	Chicago	114 030 214 - 16 23 3
5/25	San Diego	001 040 024 - 11 16 1
	St. Louis	011 002 100 - 5 12 3
5/27	New York	022 130 100 - 9 14 1
	St. Louis	010 000 040 - 5 9 2
5/28	New York	000 000 060 - 6 6 3
	St. Louis	030 011 000 - 5 10 0

HITS THAT PAY IN ADVANCE

Because it is runs, not hits, that win games, a player's ability to take advantage of his opportunities to advance a base runner (OABR) can often be more important to his team than his batting average or RBIs. Since an OABR rate of 38% is considered good, the Cardinals don't measure up.

NAME, POSITION	AVG	RBI	OABR	SUCCESS RATE
Bobby Bonds, lf	.231	14	194	20%
George Hendrick, rf	.299	39	275	31
Keith Hernandez, 1b	342	30	244	34
Ken Oberkfell, 2b*	250	11	114	28
Mike Ramsey, 2b	333	2	57	17
Ken Reitz, 3b	344	27	253	42
Tony Scott, cf	.217	10	214	25
Ted Simmons, c	.305	32	191	43
Garry Templeton, ss	288	16	190	27

*Injured May 10

saves in 1979, was also put on the list because of a sore right elbow. Littell's ailment set off a scramble to find a replacement. The Cardinals have already used 16 pitchers this year, including such oldtimers as Darold Knowles and Pedro Borbon, neither of whom lasted. Desperate, they even tried starters Pete Vuckovich and Sykes in the bullpen. And 41-year-old Jim Kaat, who signed April 30 after the Yankees released him, has suddenly found new life as an occasionally reliable reliever and starter.

"It's kind of funny," Osteen says. "At one point Kaat retired 12 consecutive batters. It was like he was a savior who had come down from the sky. The first two or three batters he faced, it was bam-bam-bam, all strikes. The crowd went crazy; they weren't used to that. Jim finally told me, 'Hey, wait a minute. I'm no Goose Gossage.' " And he isn't, as his 6.16 ERA in eight subsequent relief appearances showed.

The pitching staff wasn't all that was hurting. Bonds was expected to add speed and power to the lineup, but he injured his hand in the first days of the season and for weeks couldn't swing the bat properly. Last week he was hitting .231, with two home runs, and was just beginning to come back. On May 10 the Cards also lost their second baseman, Ken Oberkfell, when Steve Garvey slid into him and partially tore a ligament in his left leg.

But injuries are too easy a cop-out. Boyer saw the same high batting averages that everyone else did, but he wasn't impressed. He knew better—and just two days before his firing, he gave a good analysis of the Cardinals' failings: "We've been at fault in two areas—not being able to hold teams close and not being able to come back and score runs. And this is a lineup that should be able to come back. A lot of guys are hitting for average, but when you look at our record there's got to be some 'out' men who aren't hitting with men on base."

There is plenty of evidence of that in statistics such as the ones shown in the chart on the bottom of page 27. Failure to advance runners into scoring posi-

HOW TO DRIVE A TEAM BATTY

The 1980 Cardinals aren't the first team to discover that even the best-hitting club will lose if it doesn't also have good pitching. Take, for example, the 1958 Phillies, who tied the Braves for the National League batting championship with a .266 average but finished last. Blame it on a 4.32 earned run average. On paper, at least, Philadelphia's pitching actually looked better than its hitting. The staff included Robin Roberts, Curt Simmons, Don Cardwell, Jack Sanford and Turk Farrell, all of whom won more than 100 games in their major league careers. But among the hitters, only Centerfielder Richie Ashburn (.308) had a lifetime batting average of better than .300.

"It was a strange club," says Ashburn, now a Phillie broadcaster. "The Whiz Kid era was coming to an end and the new players weren't ready." This trend was especially evident among the pitchers. In their 11th seasons, Roberts, a six-time 20-game winner, was 17–14, and Simmons, who had averaged 14 wins over his previous seven years, suffered elbow trouble and went 7–14. Rookie Ray Semproch was 13–11, but Sanford, Cardwell, Farrell and Jack Meyer, all with fewer than five years of big league experience, were a collective 24–34.

"We had some decent hitters who had good years," says Ashburn, who won the batting title with a .350 average. Other standouts were Harry Anderson (.301), Solly Hemus (.284) and Wally Post (.282). Reserve Dave Philley hit .309 and set a major league single-season record with eight straight pinch hits.

In explaining what it was like to be a good hitter on a last-place team, Ashburn makes a confession that none of the 1980 Cardinals would likely own up to—at least while they're still in uniform. "My only salvation was winning the batting title," Ashburn says. "Baseball is such an individual game that you can save a poor season by concentrating on personal goals."

Ashburn took the batting title by winning a race with Willie Mays that lasted until the final day of the season. While Mays was going 3 for 5 against the Cardinals in San Francisco, Ashburn went 3 for 4 in Pittsburgh to win by three points.

Twenty-eight years earlier, another Philadelphia team had a similar split personality. In 1930, that quintessential lively-ball year in which the entire National League hit .303, the hapless Phillies finished second in batting (.315) and last in the standings (52–102). The problem was a pitching staff that recorded just two shutouts and seven saves and compiled a major league record-high 6.70 ERA. Literally denting the tin rightfield fence 280 feet from home in old Baker Bowl, Chuck Klein batted 386, and four other regulars easily surpassed .300. As recorded in *The Baseball Encyclopedia*, the pitiful pitchers were: P. Collins—16–11, 4.78; R. Benge—11–15, 5.70; L. Sweetland—7–15, 7.71; C. Willoughby—4–17, 7.59; H. Collard—6–12, 6.80; H. Elliott—6–11, 7.67. You wouldn't want to know their first names.

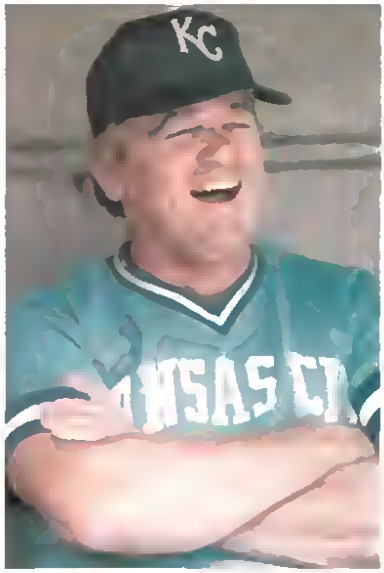
Speaking of that team, Manager Burt Shotton once said, "I remember one pitcher, a blond lefthander. Thought he belonged in Hollywood. He didn't report for practice one day and I asked him what's the problem. The guy said he had to finish the scenario he was writing."

Many other teams led their leagues in batting but finished deep in the standings; the current Cardinals are actually following a long-standing franchise tradition. The 1920 St. Louis team, which led the league at .289, and the 1954 Cards (.281) finished sixth, and the 1938 team (.279) was seventh. Other hard-hitting failures include the 1921 and 1929 Tigers (.316 and .299), the 1945 White Sox (.262), the 1959 Reds (.274) and the 1961 Pirates (.273), all of whom were sixth, and the 1959 Kansas City A's (.263), who were seventh. But perhaps no organization has been victimized by good-hit, no-pitch teams more often than the Red Sox. Since winning their last world championship in 1918, Boston has taken 15 individual and 12 team batting titles but won just three pennants and no World Series.

The most snakebitten of all Red Sox players is Johnny Pesky, a coach who has been with Boston off and on since reporting as a rookie shortstop in 1942. Pesky played on several good-hitting teams that lost close pennant races. He also managed the 1964 team that led the league with a .258 average but finished eighth in a 10-team league. "We had bad defense and average pitching," says Pesky. "We might have been last if it hadn't been for Dick Radatz in the bullpen. He really helped us."

But how much? Even with Radatz winning 16 games and saving 29, the Sox were out of contention by midseason. So the adage needs refining: good pitching beats good hitting, but it takes a heap of good pitching to win a title.

—Jim Kaplan



Herzog's new team is nothing to laugh about

tion is a significant reason why the Cardinals have suffered 21 of their 34 losses by one or two runs. And in their losses they have averaged only three runs per game.

But when they win, they often run up prodigious scores. They don't just kill, they overkill: the average score of their victories has been 7–3. St. Louis has enhanced its run-production figures and batting averages in lopsided wins—10–1 over Philadelphia, 8–2 over Chicago, 9–1 over Houston and 12–2 over San Francisco.

The recent games against the Mets and Expos continued the pattern of Cardinal wins and losses. St. Louis beat New York

Boyer's last week would've made anyone glum



in the series opener 8–1, giving Pitcher Fulgham far more of a cushion than he needed. In the second game with the Mets, Kaat used all the guile accumulated during his 20 years of big league experience to beat the Mets 1–0 in 10 innings. The Cardinals could do almost nothing against New York Starter Pat Zachry and finally won when Reitz homered off Reliever Neil Allen in the 10th. Nor could the St. Louis hitters do much against Mets Pitcher Craig Swan, who beat them 2–1 in the game that Frazier lost in the ninth.

Moving on to Montreal, the Cardinals seemed to be trying their best to do their worst. After losing 7–2 on Friday, they fell again, 2–1 in 13 innings, on Saturday. Once more St. Louis got superb pitching, but the offense stalled. Bonds homered on the game's third pitch, but that was it. The Cardinals wasted three excellent scoring opportunities, in the second, 11th and 12th innings, leaving three runners at second base and one at third. Vuckovich, the Cards' starter, gave up just four hits in the first nine innings before Relievers Don Hood and Frazier pitched three more scoreless frames. St. Louis then lost when it flouted conventional baseball wisdom. Reliever Jim Otten got in trouble in the 13th when Ken Macha and Jerry White singled and Tommy Hutton sent them to second and third with a sacrifice bunt. With Bill Almon coming to bat, the Cards held a powwow on the mound, Boyer presiding and the four infielders gathered around. With one out, it was assumed that they would walk Almon, thereby setting up a force at home or a chance for a double play. But as the Cardinals have shown all year, they aren't a team about which assumptions should be made. Instead, in a decision that may have contributed to his being fired, Boyer ordered Otten to pitch to Almon, who promptly blooped a single to rightfield to win the game.

With the Cardinals blowing their opportunities and the Expos taking advantage of theirs, the Saturday game showed the difference between a team that's winning and one that's losing. The Expos "executed"—they scored by simple application of the game's fundamental skills. St. Louis didn't execute.

"If Littell had been healthy, he alone could have made the difference in six or seven ball games for us," Boyer says.

And if Bonds and Oberkfell and Martinez and Fulgham hadn't gotten hurt, and if the other Cardinals had hit with timeliness and consistency, and if they had played sharper defensively, and if . . . but baseball, as Ken Boyer can attest, is not a game played in the subjunctive. **END**

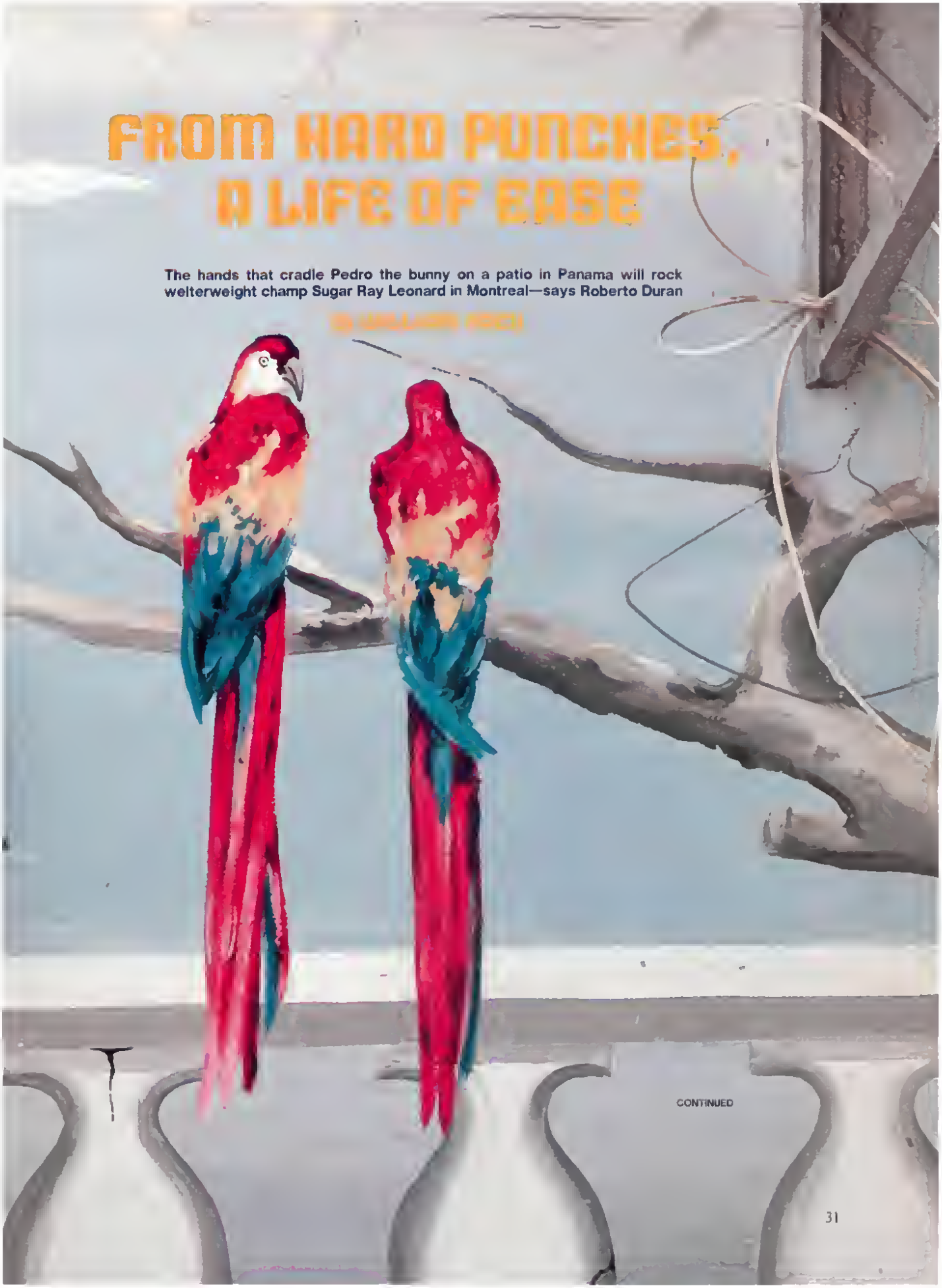


To cap off the plunge, even hitters like Templeton went bad



FROM HARD PUNCHES, A LIFE OF EASE

The hands that cradle Pedro the bunny on a patio in Panama will rock welterweight champ Sugar Ray Leonard in Montreal—says Roberto Duran



CONTINUED





DURAN *continued*

Early of a morning five years ago, while training for a fight in New York, Roberto Duran put on his sweat suit, joined his perpetual shadow, Trainer Freddie Brown, and started out of the Hotel Mayflower to do his roadwork in Central Park. But it was raining when they hit the street. Not wanting to expose his fighter to the chill of the elements, certainly not on the eve of a fight, Brown waved Duran back inside.

"If it stops raining," Freddie said, "I'll call you."

Duran returned to his room, Brown to his. Half an hour later Brown peeked out the window and saw that the rain had stopped. He went to Duran's room.

"No rain," said Freddie. "We go."

Duran waved the trainer away. "No," the fighter said. Duran was overweight, as usual, and needed the work to trim down to 135 pounds, the ceiling for the lightweight division. Over the last few years—ever since Duran had pounded Ken Buchanan loose from his lightweight title in 1972—Brown had served not only as Duran's chief cut man, counselor and chaperon, but also as his conscience, a stern reminder that Roberto must work to win.

"Come on," said Freddie, "ya gotta go, ya gotta run."

Duran was standing at the door of the room, facing it, when he *continued*

In Paneme, Duren's diversions include dominoes et Farfan beach, lunch elfresco et home with his wife Felicided and visits to the astete of the men whose coconuts he once stole, meneger Elete




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Environmental activist Jim Scherer:

"Bethlehem's system for treating blast furnace water is so good it's now considered the industry standard."

Jim Scherer is one of about a thousand Bethlehem Steel people whose jobs keep them active in Bethlehem's environmental control program.

As a senior environmental engineer at our Lackawanna, N.Y., steel plant, Jim supervises the two dozen people who operate the plant's eight major water control systems. These eight systems cost Bethlehem $52 million to engineer and install, plus nearly $3.9 million each year to operate.

"We've spent a whale of a lot of money on our water control program here," says Jim. "But we've spent it wisely and have gotten good results.

"For example, when I first became active in water control in 1961, we were only partially treating the waste waters from our blast furnaces and then discharging 100% of this water into Lake Erie. Today a complicated water treatment system does a highly efficient job of cleaning the water and discharges only 10% back to the lake. The other 90% is recirculated back through the system.

"Bethlehem developed this pollution-control technology at our Bethlehem, Pa., plant, and now four of our plants are using it. The EPA has recognized the method as the best way to bring blast furnace gas scrubber water to within current clean-water standards."

Bethlehem's commitment: To do what is necessary to protect public health.

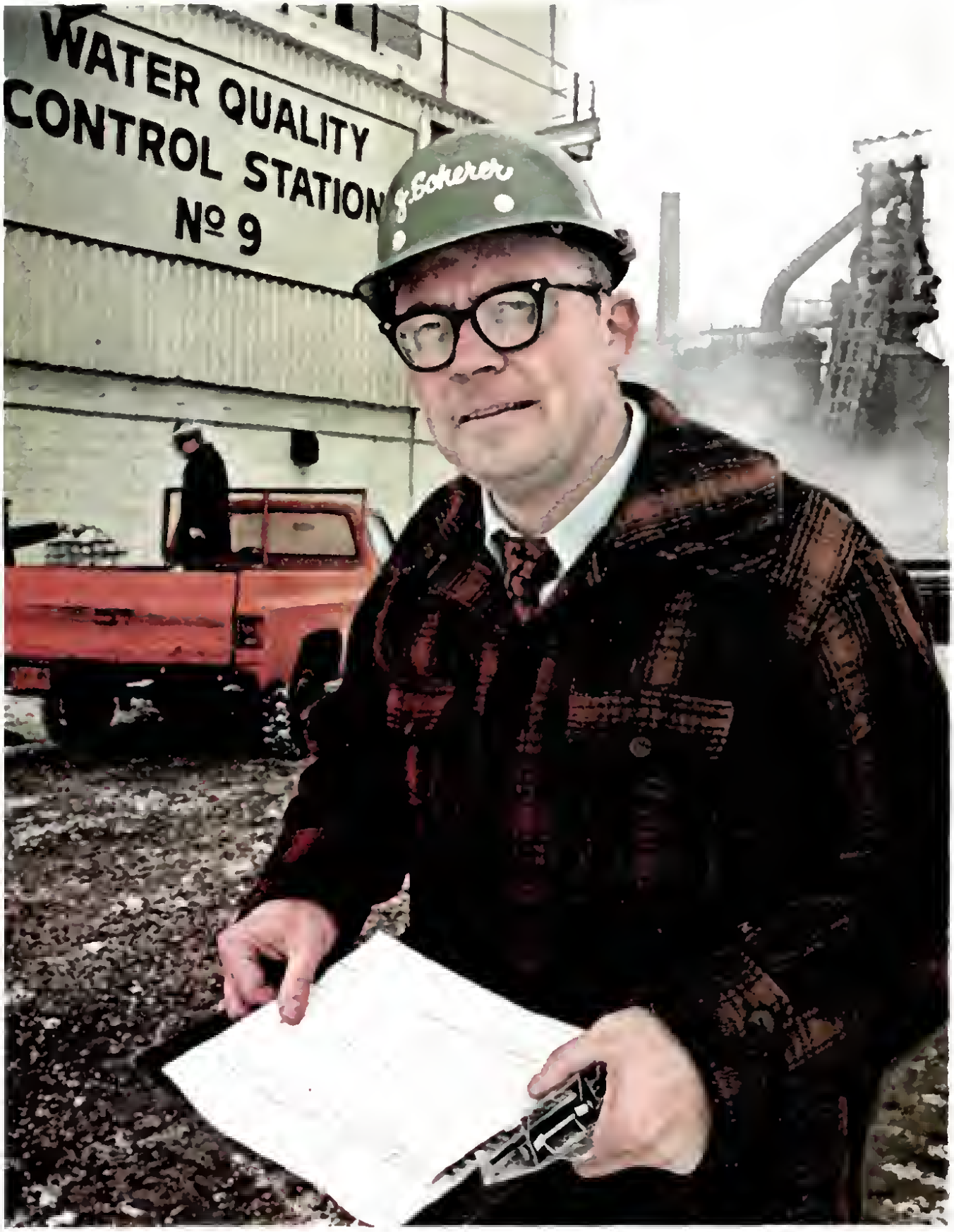
We've made substantial progress in controlling pollution at all our facilities and we're planning to do more. We've already spent $700 million for pollution control equipment and may have to spend several hundred million more in the years ahead.

But we believe there's a limit. To require industry to "purify" the air and water beyond what is necessary to protect health does not make good economic or energy sense. A balance must be struck between an absolutely pure environment and a healthy environment, so that the economy of this nation has the opportunity to thrive.

Our position is clearly explained in our *Statement on Environmental Quality Control*. If you would like a copy, write: Public Affairs Department, Rm. 476, Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Bethlehem, PA 18016.

Bethlehem

The Lackawanna Plant's Water Control Station No. 9 houses the controls and pumps for the blast furnace gas washer water recirculation system. Placed "on stream" in late 1979, the project cost $4 million. Water is recirculated through the system's 30-in.-diameter pipes and five large tanks at a rate of about 7500 gallons a minute.


WATER QUALITY
CONTROL STATION
№ 9
J. Scherer



Don't forget



to remember Father's Day.



June 15

A Public Service Reminder from the National Father's Day Committee.

exploded in a rage. He suddenly threw his awesome straight right hand into the door. The thwack resounded like a thunderclap. On the adjacent wall a framed picture fell to the floor, its pane of glass shattering. Saying nothing, Brown left the room and headed for the lobby. Duran soon joined him and set out on his run.

"Duran's a funny guy," says Brown. "Hard to work with. He's definitely got a mind of his own. But he listens. He does. He listens."

Now it is May 1980, and Duran is still listening. It is midafternoon at Grossinger's in New York's Catskill Mountains. The fighter is moving around a ring in the middle of a circular wooden structure that serves as the resort's ski lodge in winter. There are flowers in the fields now, and on this drowsily warm spring day sweat beads the fighter's impassive face. Duran is preparing for the night of June 20, when he will climb into the ring in Montreal's Olympic Stadium to fight the *World Boxing Council's welterweight* champion, Sugar Ray Leonard, for the title. Duran is sparring, after a fashion, with one Simon Smith, who is throwing feather duster punches and running from Duran. Brown stands on the ring apron, his arms resting on the top rope, watching with mounting dismay.

Duran has already gone four rounds with Teddy White, a Leonard look-alike, pursuing him from one corner of the ring to another and howling like a hoot owl as he throws his punches—"Hoooo! Hoooo!"—but now he is slowing, the owl in him is asleep. He turns his back on Smith and walks away. Facing him again, he jams his thumbs into his trunks. He leans back, bends side to side, ducking and slipping whatever Smith throws. He shrugs. He dances a step or two. He raises his hands palms out, and parries. Brown snorts and stalks away from the ring as the round ends. Had someone offered him a pan of water, he surely would have washed his hands of this.

"Another round?" inquires Luis Henriquez, Duran's longtime friend and his interpreter.

"No," says Brown, waving the thought away. "The hell with it. He's not doing anything anyway."

Brown finds a wooden post 10 feet from the ring and leans against it, scowling at Duran as the fighter spars desultorily through another round. "He says he wants to measure the guy," Henriquez tells Brown.

"That's not the right way to do it," says Brown. "He leaves himself open that way. Do you think the guy he's fighting next month will let him do that?"

None of this is lost on Duran. He leans across the ropes and hollers at the audience in Spanish, "What a trainer I have! He wants me to throw everything without thinking. To hit me, Leonard has to throw punches. Leonard isn't going to fight me the way this guy fights. He's not going to run away from me."

"That's his way of resting," Henriquez says to Brown.

"I'd rather have him go two rounds on the heavy bag than do that," Brown says. "*That's just wasting time . . .*"

And the time was coming when there would be no time to waste. Brown is from the old school, and what annoyed him most was the failure of discipline, the fighter's casual manner. There was no doubt in the trainer's mind that in Sugar Ray Leonard, Duran would be meeting the toughest opponent of his life—a fast, crafty, intelligent and ambitious fighter. "The toughest without question," Brown says. And here, with the days dwindling down, Duran was sparring as if preparing to fight on an undercard.

Brown had been through these afternoons with Roberto Duran before. He had suffered the Panamanian's temperament, off and on, for nearly eight

continued



The challenger is obviously in swell shape, his expanded chest measuring 38"

years—the arguments, the recriminations, the work stoppages and slowdowns, the broken training rules. On a number of occasions in Duran's years as a lightweight, Brown had to bring the fighter's weight from 165 to 135 pounds. "In the beginning it was harder than it is now," Brown says. "I had to watch him all the time. He did things he shouldn't do before a fight, like, you know, eating something he shouldn't."

Brown is sitting in his room in Duran's cottage at Grossinger's, about an hour after the training session with Simon Smith, and he is still nettled, but more subdued. "I'm not too worried, though," he says. "The fight's too far away. But he can do so much better. It's not a game. I don't play games. When he boxes good, I tell him. When he boxes bad, I tell him. We get into fights all the time. There were times when I was about to give it up. You try to help him, try to help him throw punches right, to do things right, and sometimes he says, 'Let me alone.' So you walk out. One day he's one way, one day he's another. Some days you can get everything out of him, some days you can't get nothing. You never know. You just have to leave him alone and go along. He listens, but he wants it *his* way."

There is a sharp rap on Brown's door. "Come on, Freddie," says the voice of Roberto Duran. "Let's go eat."

Brown rises from his chair and smiles. "He knows he did wrong," Brown says as he goes to the door. "He apologized. Like I was saying, sometimes you love him, sometimes you want to kill him."

Roberto Duran has been doing it his way, for the most part, since the street-urchin days when he surfaced as the resident roughneck of Panama City. Duran grew up in Chorrillo, a windblown slum of narrow streets and tumbledown two-story houses that lies on the east side of the mouth of the Panama Canal, across from Fort Amador. He is one of eight children. Roberto's father deserted his mother before he was born. As a youngster, with a sack slung over his shoulder, Duran used to swim the two miles to Fort Amador for daily raids on its bounteous mango trees. He would climb the trees, load the sack with the fruit and swim the two miles back. One day he almost drowned. Three hundred yards from the shore, encumbered by a particularly splendid harvest, he started to sink. "About three of us grabbed him and dragged him to shore," says Ruben Wallace, a friend of Roberto's. "He wouldn't let go of that damn sack."

Roberto sold the mangoes to help his mother raise the family. He shined shoes, too, and painted rooms and peddled newspapers. A natural entertainer, he danced and sang in the streets for passers-by. "I could dance and sing good," Duran says, "and I was great on the drums. I got pretty good tips."

He was less accomplished as a student. Practicing the overhand right was not part of the curriculum in his elementary school. "I remember in school one day, a kid came over to hit me and I moved. We exchanged positions, so his back was toward the steps. I hit him and he fell backward down the steps. And they threw me out." That was in third grade, he was 13. Duran never went back.

By then he had already met the two men who would develop him as a fighter. Duran first encountered Carlos Eleta when he was 10, at the foot of one of Eleta's coconut trees, whose fruit Duran was poaching. Eleta was a millionaire sportsman—a former tennis champion of Panama, the owner of a large stable of thoroughbred horses and an entrepreneur with holdings, at various times, in Latin American baseball, basketball and soccer teams. Eleta invited him into his elegant house, gave the youngster some money and sent him home. "He was such a cute little boy when he was young," Eleta says. Like Sugar Ray Leonard, whose interest in boxing was inspired by an older brother, Roberto first found his way into a gym by tracking his older brother Domingo. When Domingo quit, tiring of the routine, his trainer, Nestor Quiñones, urged Roberto to stay on. And he did. He turned pro at 16.

Duran brought to the ring everything he had learned in the schoolyards and streets. When Eleta bought his contract in 1971 for $300 from Panamanian Joek-



Duran makes quick work of the speed bag as trainer Brown, 73, and interpreter Henriquez look on. Assistant trainer

ey Alfredo Vasquez, the young man's boxing experience had taught him a law that seemed as universal and immutable as that which grew hair on the coconut: when he let fly with his right, somebody went down. In school it was children sailing down staircases; in the prize ring, it was the other fighter. What applied in the streets, Roberto perceived, applied in the ring. He had few defensive skills and he used his left sparingly. He fought his way through the ranks, going undefeated in his early days as a professional on the strength of his raw talent. He doubtless would have continued to be more brawler than fighter had not Eleta, in 1971, persuaded 72-year-old Ray Arcel to come out of retirement and offer a hand in shaping Roberto.

Arcel had been one of the most respected conditioners and ring tacticians in American boxing. In more than 40 years in the fight game—until he grew tired and disillusioned with the direction the sport was taking and quit the ring in 1956—Arcel had handled 16 world champions, from Barney Ross to Tony Zale to Ezzard Charles. To these men, and to Duran, he preached the virtues of learning dexterity with *both* hands, and taught how the left sets up the right, how the two work in combination. Arcel had seen Duran fight and had liked what he saw. He agreed to help him, though only on a part-time basis. He didn't want to leave his job as a purchasing agent for an alloy company in New York City. Arcel suggested to Eleta that he hire his old friend Freddie Brown to assume the day-to-day job of preparing Duran for his fights; Arcel would join them near fight time to offer assistance.

All hands agreed. Brown, eight years younger than Arcel, had worked the corners of hundreds of fighters in a long and distinguished career; he was the cut man for Rocky Marciano in all his title fights. His four-point credo for Duran was: 1) The left is as valuable as the right if used correctly; 2) Boxing is the art of hitting and not getting hit; 3) It is not how hard you hit a man but where you hit him that matters; and 4) The speed at which you cut up an opponent is related to how efficiently you cut off the ring.

Roberto resisted taking advice, of course, and on the point of ambidexterity the trainers and the fighter argued vigorously. But he acceded to Brown's counsel, point by point, over the years. By the time he fought Buchanan for the lightweight title, Duran had learned the mechanics of cutting off the ring and the art of the jab. He was no longer a mere clubber. His only loss came soon after the Buchanan bout, by a decision to Esteban DeJesus in a non-title fight, but he was sick at the time. He met DeJesus twice after that and battered him senseless both times. In each of his first two fights against DeJesus, the Puerto Rican had dropped him with a left hook in the first round. Approaching the third fight in January of 1978, Arcel and Brown exhorted Duran to do what DeJesus least expected: to box the first few rounds. "We tried to explain to him," Arcel recalls, "that if he ripped and tore into DeJesus, Esteban would be waiting to nail him with the left hook." So Duran boxed, bewildering DeJesus, and worked inside, battering him with shots to the body. He knocked him out in the 12th.

That fight was Duran's last as a lightweight. In his championship years he had achieved a celebrity in Panama usually accorded diplomats and generals. On his return to Panama after winning the title, a crowd of 5,000 greeted him at the airport, including high officials of state. To the throng, he said, "*El campeonato mundial pertenece al pueblo panameño.*" "The world championship belongs to the people of Panama." Thousands more lined the streets as Duran, waving from an open car, headed a parade that bore him to Chorrillo's slums.

The fame and money that began flowing to him in time elevated Duran and his family from poverty to relative splendor. Five years ago he bought a sprawling $150,000 home, with a stream flowing through his backyard, in the poshest and one of the most expensive communities in Panama, Nuevo Reparto El Carmen. He lives there with his wife, Felicidad, and their four kids. One of his neighbors is Aristides Royo, the presi- *continued*



Quiñones, who's been with Roberto since he was eight, applies Vaseline, and Duran applies himself to the heavy bag.



Duran bundled up for Catskill "roadwork" with his brother Armando (right).

DURAN *continued*

dent of Panama, who stops by once a week to visit Roberto and his 3-year-old, 680-pound pet lion, Walla, which he received as a gift from Rigoberto Paredes, the former head of the Panama racetrack. Duran was once observed leading the beast around the neighborhood like a dog at the end of a leash.

Duran owns two Pontiac Trans Ams, a Lincoln Continental and a Fiat; Felicidad has an Alfa Romeo. Duran also has a $25,000 van equipped with a stereo, television and telephone, which he uses to shuttle his entourage to and from the training gym. General Omar Torrijos, the Panamanian chief of the national guard, gave him the van after he knocked out DeJesus in their third fight. Duran is exempt from paying taxes in Panama, one of his rewards for being a champion, so what he takes in he takes home. He has money in the bank and has invested in real estate, his chief holding being a $250,000 apartment complex in Panama. His mother lives in a three-bedroom house he bought for her.

Duran has never lost touch with his roots. Though he moved from Chorrillo to Nuevo Reparto El Carmen, he didn't forsake the old neighborhood, which he visits frequently. His cook, a Frenchman, is from Chorrillo, and so are his three maids and the man who keeps the cars clean. "When he is home, Roberto goes to Chorrillo every day and hangs out with the guys," says Henriquez. And every Sunday he goes to Farfan beach, near Chorrillo. Duran "owned" that beach as a kid, in the way that ruffians own city blocks, and he owns it yet. Early on Sunday afternoon, after attending Mass, he packs his van with food and drink and drives to the beach, where whoever comes along may join the picnic. "Rice and peas, salad and wine and beer, but no liquor," says Henriquez. "And plenty of fruit juices and fried fish. He sets it on tables. He and his wife cook. When he gets there, the party starts." Duran plays dominoes, listens to salsa music and presides over the further greening of the legend he has created for himself.

He has come to be regarded, pounding for pounding, as perhaps the most dangerous fighter in the game, a ferocious and relentless master of attack. He dominated the lightweight division by means of paradoxical qualities: fury and finesse. This surely accounts for much of his mystique—that and his fearsome physical aspect. Duran is a *cholo*, a man of Indian and Spanish descent, and it is the Indian heritage that has shaped his countenance. His eyes are a lambent brown and his hair as black as the plumage of a crow. When he perspires in the ring, the hair mats, and as he lunges and bounces, it flaps like wings. Duran is built like a linebacker, with squat, powerful legs which are slightly bowed and seem too short for a disproportionately long torso, and broad shoulders riveted together by the bolt of a powerful neck.

It wasn't Duran's battle with weight that drove him to give up his lightweight title and become a welterweight, Eleta says, but rather the lack of opportunity to make as much money in the lighter division as in the 147-pound class. He had, quite simply, pounded the division into his own Tortilla Flat. So on Feb. 1, 1978 he abdicated his crown and joined the welters. Duran had a 62–1 record, with a remarkable 51 knockouts, but since he became a welterweight he has had but four KOs in eight fights. That fact raises one of several questions about Roberto Duran on the eve of the Leonard fight—to wit, is he as hard a hitter against bigger men? "I think a few boxers lost respect for me," says Duran. "Some said I lost my ability to punch with power. But let me tell you something: if a man is born with a good punch, a change in weight makes no difference."

Perhaps so; perhaps not. He dropped the former welterweight champion, Carlos Palomino, in their fight last June, but couldn't keep him down in what became a war. Duran takes a magnificent punch,

continued

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but so does Palomino. "In the lightweight division it seemed like he was a tremendous puncher," Palomino says now. "But I didn't find him to be that kind of puncher as a welterweight. He's a good puncher, a strong puncher, but not a devastating puncher. He's good inside, very good, strong physically. The one thing that surprised me most about him was his quickness. And his defensive ability. He moves his head a lot, feints a lot. He's not an easy man to hit."

In the last eight years, Arcel and Brown both say, the sharpening of Duran's skills has been dramatic. "He's learned a lot," Arcel says. "He has developed tremendous ring sense; that's what makes him what he is. He's not just in there to throw punches. He knows what to do and when to do it. If he has to jab, he can jab. If he has to move, he can. If he has to take a punch, he can. When he's really in top, top shape, he's a devastating puncher. From the long layoff before the Palomino fight he might have lost a sharpness, the perfect coordination that he usually has in his punches. And who knocks Palomino out? Duran might come close to knocking Leonard out."

"Look," says Arcel. "Leonard is an excellent boxer. He's a master craftsman. He can do almost anything, but we don't know one thing. Can he stand up under the body-battering that he's going to get from Duran in the early rounds? If Duran hurts you and you're backing up and on the ropes, I'm telling you, he don't let you alone. He sticks to you like a plaster. He's that vicious. And he has the unique ability to get stronger as the fight goes on. When he's in top shape, after the seventh round you got to watch yourself. He gets his second wind and he can go like hell. You can't avoid punches when you're in there.

"It's the highest form of individualism there is. You're in there all alone. When you take a punch to the belly, you can't say, 'Time out!' You've got to be able to weather the storm. Can Leonard stand up? Can he take what Duran has to offer? That's the question."

The question of Duran's condition comes up endlessly. Generally, his fights fall into two categories: a) those Duran cares about, and b) those he doesn't care about. He got up for the biggest fights in his life: Buchanan, the second DeJesus fight, Palomino. Those for which he wasn't in shape have been deceptive, inspiring premature speculation that the fighter in the man was gone. But Duran would come roaring back. "I had seen Duran fight before he fought me and he looked slow and sluggish," recalls Palomino. "I figured there was no way he could go 10 rounds with me. But he was in shape, and for 10 rounds it was a war."

Roberto Duran is lounging in a lawn chair in front of his cottage at Grossinger's. Freddie Brown has just escorted him back from dinner. The 29-year-old former lightweight champion of the world, whose weight is 153 pounds after four weeks of training here, dismisses with a shrug his listless sparring session against Simon Smith. "Gloves, gloves, gloves," Duran says quietly. "You just get bored. Imagine going a month without rest—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday—damn, you don't have the desire to throw punches anymore. They never give me a day off. I'm taking everything with calmness—at my pace. Everything is being saved for the day of the fight. If I do do things with ferociousness now, I won't have any sparring partners. What then? I do what my trainers tell me, but I also put in something of my own. It's not what they say only, but what I see in myself. Sometimes you don't want to fight. Understand? Sometimes the body wants to work and sometimes it doesn't. I have not yet started to throw hard. I should be in much better condition the day of the fight—not now. On continued



Is that a rock beat the "Manos de Piedra" are knocking out on the congas?

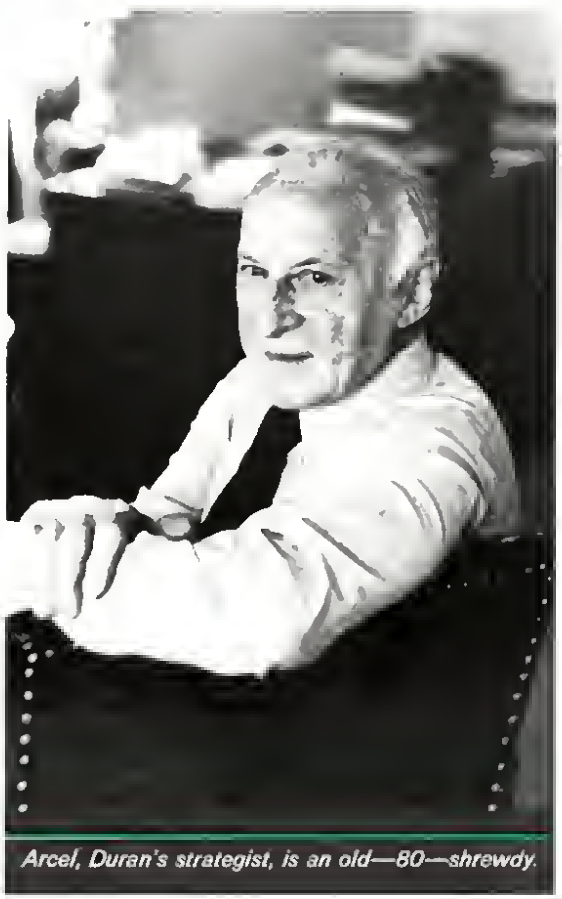
June 20th I should be double what I am now—double!"

Duran clearly understands what is at stake. He has won important victories before, he says, but for this the world will be watching him for the first time in his life. Ken Buchanan was one thing. Sugar Ray Leonard, the American Olympic gold-medal winner and welterweight champion, is another. Duran could make $2 million from the fight—it will be shown on closed-circuit movie screens—to Leonard's $10 million. But the disparity, he says, doesn't bother him. "I'm not bitter over his good fortune," Duran says. "Why should I be?" If Duran wins, a return match would set him up financially for life. He knows this, too. But just as much at stake are pride and honor for their own sake. "I got into boxing to learn it," Duran says. "I'm not here to, to, to . . . climb up! No, no, no. I didn't enter the ring to get out of the gutter. Those are stories. I got into it because I liked it. I'm better than he is. I want to see him demonstrate, *to show* me, that he's world champion. For me he is not a world champion."

Leonard got where he is today, Duran says, without having really been in a fight. Leonard is living in a fantasy, Duran says, in a world in which he has yet to be tested. Wilfredo Benitez, who had been idle eight months before he fought Leonard, was no test, says Duran. Nor anyone before Benitez. "But he won't be living in a fantasy with me. Tell him, 'I never live in a fantasy. I live in reality.' To be where I am today, I've thrown many hard punches. Everybody has thrown some good blows at me. That is why I'm so strong. When someone throws a good punch, you feel it, but you try to shake it off—to assimilate it. You have to assimilate the blows. I've been hit by DeJesus, Hector Thompson, by Ray Lampkin, by Palomino, by a lot of fighters—but I'm still here. I assimilate. As the rounds go by I get stronger."

Duran's eyes are flashing now. "There is something in me. *I'm* Roberto Duran between the ropes! No one else! What I feel in the ring is to win." He laughs now. "*Le quiero arrancar la cabeza!*" Which is to say, "I want to tear off his head."

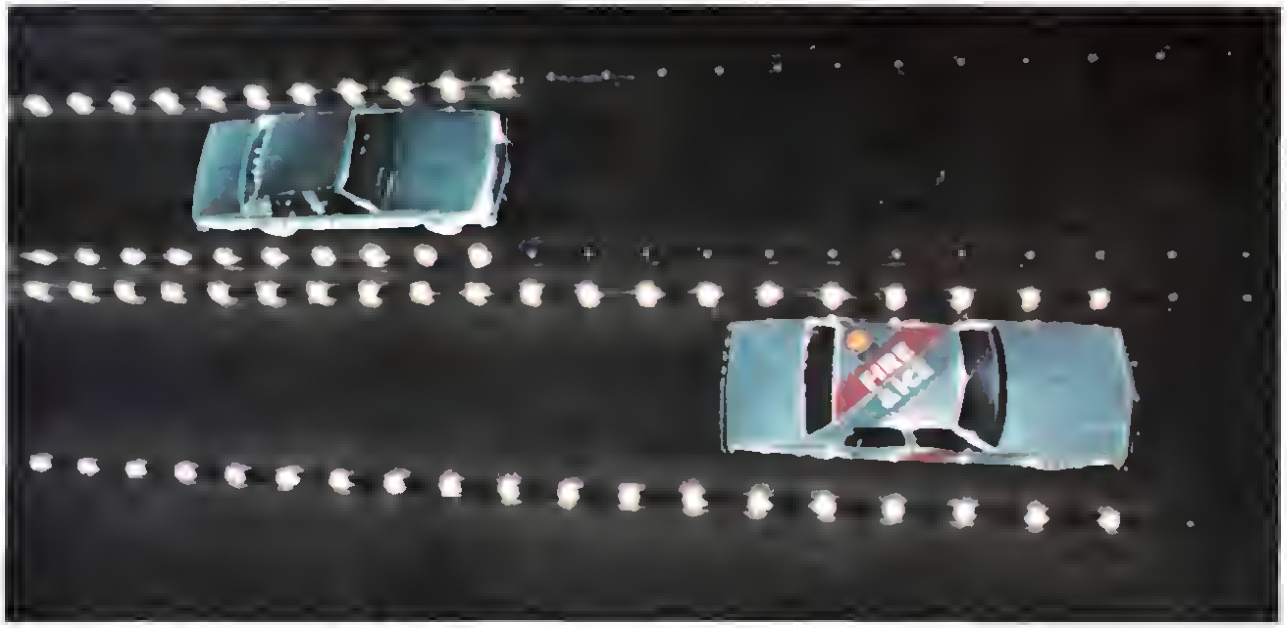
For Leonard he has no respect, Duran says, at least not as a fighter. "What is important to me is that he is going to have to fight with me," Duran says. "They say that he imitates Ali. They say he is the best in the world. I don't copy anyone. My ability is natural. I have always said that the person who copies another will always fall in the end. People are only going to see your copy. People will say, 'Look, he's a clown, he's nothing. He's doing the same as the other ones.' Forget it. But with an original, they will say, 'He's a natural, he created it.' Leonard's a braggart, a big mouth, a clown. I think this is going to be the first time in his life that he's going to really have a fight. Why should I respect him? What is he going to teach me? I've been fighting since I was eight. What is a kid born yesterday going to teach me? I was world champion for 6½ years. I've fought brawlers, speedsters, hitters and boxers. I know he's going to come to me and I'm going to take care of him. He thinks I am going to come out like I always do, but I have a few surprises for him; for me he doesn't have any surprises."



Arcel, Duran's strategist, is an old—80—shrewdy.

It has been said, Duran is reminded now, that he is vulnerable to three things: speed, the left hand and the man who fights a calculated fight. Duran sits up abruptly. "That is to say that nothing bothers Leonard?" he asks. He clasps his hands, as if in prayer, and looks skyward. "That is to say that Leonard is a god? We all have difficulties. Leonard has his, and I know what they are. The man who fights with one hand is dead. He does not have one hand, but he depends on one. His left. When he can't do what he wants, the fight is out of his control. Leonard has problems—in fact, many problems. But I don't intend to divulge them right now. I'm thinking about them and planning to take advantage of them. And I have not lost any of my spirit. I have not lost anything yet."

They call him *Manos de Piedra*, Stonehands, and for many he has been that. But this is in another city, in another arena, in another year against another man. They say this could be the prizefight of the decade and the decade has just begun. Once again, Roberto Duran will climb the steps to his corner of the ring. Behind him, draped in towels and carrying Q-tips and buckets, will come those two old men, fight trainers from another age—Freddie Brown, his thinning gray hair climbing in waves on his head, and Ray Arcel, slender and dignified. It will be out of their hands by then, all the plotting, all the calculating and the worrying, and in the hands of stone. "I have nothing to worry about," says Roberto Duran. "I am a man with two hands." END



Improved Shell Fire & Ice™ 10W-40 Motor Oil was compared to old formula Shell Fire & Ice for gasoline mileage. Here's what happened.

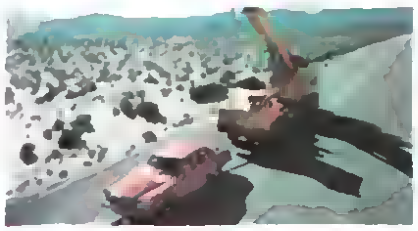
Shell Fire & Ice beats Shell Fire & Ice

Shell Fire & Ice first became famous as a protection motor oil. A television commercial seen since early 1979 dramatically showed that Shell Fire & Ice 10W-40 Motor Oil protected a car's engine.

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It's one thing to say a product is improved, another thing to prove it. Shell proved it. How?

Using several different cars under carefully controlled laboratory conditions, we compared the improved Shell Fire & Ice formula to old Shell Fire & Ice.

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With an improved product, it seemed fitting to make a new commercial to dramatize the improvement. So we did.



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After all, one-third of a mile *is* one-third of a mile. It's a distance



Ground-level tracer lights dramatize the extra distance test cars averaged using improved Shell Fire & Ice.

longer than five football fields. It could be the difference between making the next freeway exit or running out of gas. And we're talking per gallon not per tankful.

Try it in your car

At Shell, we believe in making good products — then making them better. Try Shell Fire & Ice 10W-40 Motor Oil in your car. It's the motor oil that first became famous for protection — then went out and beat itself in mileage tests.



In simple terms, why every Honda has front-wheel drive.

Have you noticed how more and more car manufacturers are switching to front-wheel drive these days?

We're not surprised. We knew the advantages of front-wheel drive a long, long time ago.

In fact, only Honda has sold all its cars in the U.S. with front-wheel drive and a transverse-mounted engine. (Not to men tion having sold more than anyone else too.)

So just what *are* the advantages?

For a start, we've designed a car that's smaller on the outside but with more than enough room inside for both driver and passengers.

This is partly due to the fact that there's no driveshaft running through the passenger compartment. So your passengers have more foot and legroom.



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Eliminating the driveshaft also reduces another problem. Because the driveshaft can be a source of noise and vibration.

But the advantages of front-wheel drive don't just stop at improved space utilization and comfort.

Front-wheel drive puts more of the weight on the front driving wheels. That means better traction.

And since driving power is applied in the direction the car is being steered, it helps you through the turns.

We could go on. But the only way to really appreciate our front-wheel drive is to test-drive a Honda yourself.

The Honda Civic. The car that was named Motor Trend magazine's Import Car of the Year.

The Accord. Our luxury car.

And the Prelude. Our idea of a sports car.

They all have front-wheel drive.

So if that's what you're looking for in a car, it's worth remembering that Honda is out in front all the way.

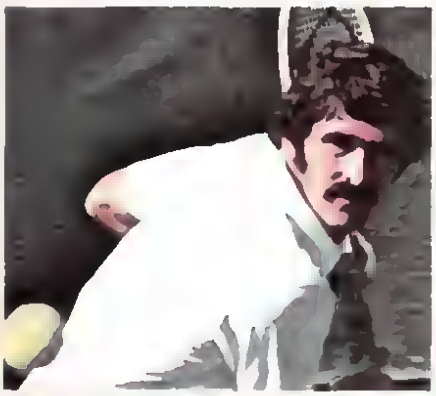
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Anheuser Busch Inc., St. Louis, Mo

by Ray Kennedy

Hold the Twinkies flambé

There's plenty of time, says Steve Stone, gourmet, ladykiller and Oriole pitcher, for the Birds to avoid the gustatory glop he threatens should they eat divisional crow

The way Steve Stone, the Baltimore Oriole righthander, was poring over the wine list in a Milwaukee restaurant the other evening, one would have thought that he was examining an opponent's lineup card. Shaking off one entry as "frivolous" and a Pouilly-Fuissé as "so acidic that it sits on your tongue like an Alka-Seltzer," he opted for his own enological batting order.

"We'll lead off with a nice white, the 1975 Puligny-Montrachet," Stone told the sommelier, reeling off the French with just the right nasal intonations. "Then we'll have a 1974 BV Georges de Latour Private Reserve—a l the Cabernet out of the Napa Valley was outstanding that year. And finally, please open a bottle of the 1970 Gevrey-Chambertin. A good Burgundy needs time to breathe, sort of like a reliever warming up in the bullpen."

Fresh from a seven-hit, 5–2 win over the Brewers, Stone was clearly no slouch when it came to savoring the victor's spoils. As is his wont, while the rest of the Orioles were pigging out on the deli spread in the visitors' clubhouse, he had slipped off with a lovely lady for a "dining adventure" at one of his favorite retreats, the English Room in the Pfister Hotel. And now, resplendent in a brown velvet jacket and discussing sauces with the maître d', he was one with the heady, rippling strains of the resident harpist. Eating, Stone allowed, ranks right up there with his two other great passions, pitching and wooing.

Though he eschews the major league heartburn circuit, Stone is no gastronomic snob. On road trips he rents a car and drives far afield to partake of the boiled lobster at Bishop's in Lawrence, Mass. and the rack of lamb at Le Francais in Wheeling, Ill. But he also delights in sampling the souvlaki at the sidewalk stands in Detroit's Greek Town, and back in Towson, Md., where he owns a town house, he has it his way at the local Burger King—double patty, hold the lettuce and tomato. "You have to be flexible," he says.

Stone, who is in his 10th season of wining and dining his way around both leagues, doesn't take his role as baseball's galloping gourmet lightly. For him, it is a livelihood and a way of life. "I've always loved to eat," he explained, offering a forkful of shrimp à l'étouffée to his lady friend, "but I didn't get serious about food until one day in 1973 when I was throwing in the bullpen for the White Sox. My ERA was 4.24 that season, and when I took a look at my stuff, I thought, 'Steve, old buddy, in the interest of your future well-being, you had better develop an alternate source of income.' "

Today, Stone is part owner of eight Chicago-area restaurants, including the elegant Pump Room in the Ambassador East Hotel. And with plans to open an exclusive eatery of his very own in Scottsdale, Ariz. this fall, he views his culinary rambles as market research rather than mere indulgence. Once, upon encountering an "exquisite" shrimp sauce at Vito's Scampi in Scottsdale, he spooned a sample into a plastic bag and then rushed it in a jet's refrigerator back to Chicago, where the chefs at one of his restaurants, working over their stoves like chemists, broke the sauce down into its ingredients for inclusion on their menu.

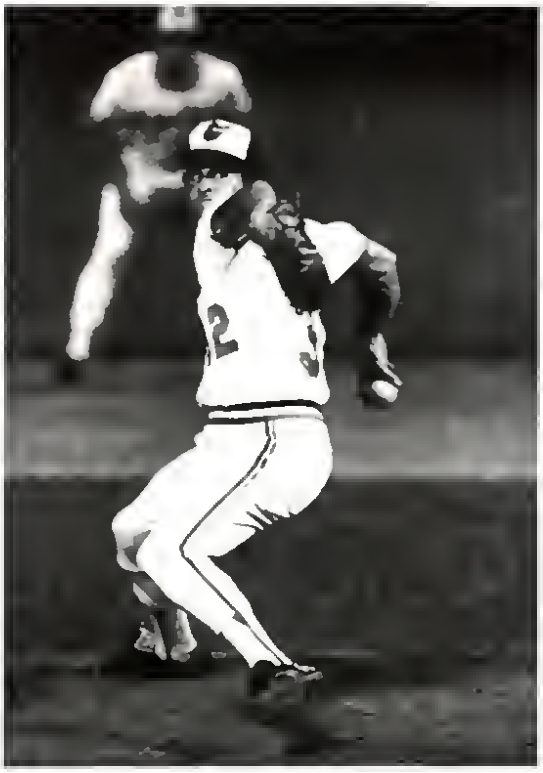
In addition to his interest in food, Stone is also a published poet, a chess player, a pool hustler, a table-tennis whiz and an inveterate dabbler in the occult. Before a game against California in Anaheim three years ago, he was greatly concerned when Ruth the Psychic, a Los Angeles seer who advises him about his baseball fortunes, sought him out in a restaurant. "Ruth, how did you know where to find me?" he asked. "I had a feeling," she said. She also had a warning. "If you pitch tonight, you'll hurt your arm."

Pausing over his lobster bisque a l'armagnac, Stone recalled, "I couldn't get loose in the bullpen that night. But then, just as Ruth entered the ball park—boom!—a transformer short-circuited and knocked out the lights on the first-base side of the field. They had to call the game, and I was saved."

Though a strong believer in self-reliance, Stone is not one to ignore the influence of "outside forces." Indeed, as a pitcher who spent a decade struggling to boost his career won-loss rec- *continued*



Stone has a lobster on his plate and Bobbie Bender on his arm



Flapjacks fuel the arm that Stone cocks

BASEBALL *continued*

ord over the .500 mark, Stone suggests that it is only natural to ascribe mystical qualities to most anything that might relate to pitching, especially diet.

Last season, for example, when he defeated the Texas Rangers 4–3 after breakfasting at a Baltimore pancake house with Peter Pascarelli, a sportswriter for the *News-American*, Stone proposed that they repeat the flapjack ritual before every one of his starts. And so they did, generously laying on the maple syrup, although Stone soon found that the strategy was more effective at home than away. He won six straight in Memorial Stadium. Last month, before a start in Baltimore against the Minnesota Twins, Pascarelli couldn't make it for breakfast and, in a weak moment, Stone switched to steak and eggs—and got bombed out in the fifth inning to end his home victory streak at eight games.

When he arrived in Milwaukee for his next start, Stone's thoughts were of another magical combination of meal and mound. "The Brewers had just swept the Yankees to move into third place, and we were on national TV," he said, sniffing the bouquet of the Cabernet. "Before the game I had liver dumpling soup, oven-browned potatoes and sauerbraten at Karl Ratzsch's, a great German restaurant right around the corner. Then I went out and threw a one-hitter and retired 19 in a row to win 2–1."

Does Stone really believe that the margin of victory was the liver dumpling soup? "Who knows the limits of man's powers?" he said, looking mysterious in the flickering glow of a chafing dish. "But I'll only give you two guesses as to where and what I ate before last night's win."

In deference to holding firm at 175 pounds, Stone limits himself to one big caloric splurge per city. In Detroit, for example, he favors the London Chop House: "Old World elegance at pre-recession prices." In Minneapolis it's the Normandy Inn: "The popovers and the beer-cheese soup with popcorn are a must." In Anaheim it's Charley Brown's: "Average food, average atmosphere, but, oh, what women!" In Kansas City it's Stephenson's: "From the apple daiquiris to the hickory-smoked meats, a treat not to be missed." And in Cleveland it's Dorothy's: "Veal paprika and the best matzoh-ball soup this side of Tel Aviv." In this case, Dorothy also happens to be Steve's mother. "The cuisine at Dorothy's may not be exactly *haute*," he says, "but I love the prices."

Thanks to his mother, Stone was all but born to play baseball. One hot July night in 1947 she insisted on accompanying her husband to an Indians game, even though she was due to deliver her first child at any moment. "She figured that if I was born in the stands, Bill Veeck, who owned the Indians then, would give her a lifetime pass," says Stone, who held out for a more antiseptic hospital delivery three days later.

Fueled by Dorothy's home cooking, Steven Michael grew skilled enough at tennis to win several local junior titles and at golf to score a hole-in-one at the age of 11. At Kent State, where he got a teaching degree in history and government, he starred on the volleyball and bowling teams and took on all comers at table tennis and pool—for a price. Thurman Munson, the late Yankee catcher, was his collegiate battery mate and prize pigeon. "Thurman fancied himself a pool shark," says Stone, "and I was careful never to disillusion him, especially when I was in the process of beating him 25 matches in a row."

Signed by the San Francisco Giants in 1969, Stone was sent to their Fresno farm club, where he quite literally labored in the vineyards. He recalls, "All the wineries in the area had tasting rooms, and on the days we weren't pitching, another pitcher, Bill Frost, and I would sip our way across the Napa Valley, taking notes and learning all we could about wine making."

In 1971 Stone left Frost behind with the promise that they would one day run their own restaurant, and joined the Giants in spring training. His first assignment was to pitch batting practice, and his first major league hitter was Willie Mays. A 95-mph fireballer who had averaged one strikeout an inning in the minors, Stone reasoned that "with 22 other pitchers around, I had to impress the organization right away. So I started blowing the ball in. Mays missed a few, fouled some off and then said to the catcher, 'Who *is* this guy? Tell him to just throw the ball in.' " The catcher complied, but Stone didn't. "Willie stayed in for one more pitch, thrown right under his chin, then threw down his bat and never took batting practice against me again that spring."

But say hey! When the Giants broke camp, Stone was in the starting rotation. "They billed me as 'another Sandy Koufax,' " he says, "primarily because I was Jewish. I can say honestly and unequivocally that I'm the best righthanded Jewish pitcher to come into the majors in the past 20 years, mainly because I don't know of any others."

Troubled by a sore arm, Stone was traded to the White Sox in 1972 and then uptown to the Cubs the following season. Along the way he lost some of his smoke and realized that "the only way I was going to fool anybody throwing 85 miles per hour was to learn how to pitch more intelligently." Reading Koufax' autobiography five times convinced him "just how mental this game really is. Why, you can actually will yourself to win"—or, as a hedge, develop an outside interest. In 1974, Stone hedged by joining up with Richard Melman, a Chicago restaurateur who was expanding his operation. "He offered me a choice of being a silent partner or a working partner," says Stone. "I told him with the way I had been pitching, I'd better be a working partner."

With additional investors, he and Melman expanded a company called Lettuce Entertain You, so that it now includes a chain of eight restaurants with similarly cutesy names, e.g., Lawrence of Oregano and Jonathan Livingston Sea-

continued

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food. Stone's job titles were much more mundane: he worked as a waiter, bartender, bookkeeper and maître d'. "Lots of ballplayers have invested money in restaurants and lost their shirts because they didn't learn the business," he explains, "and I was determined that wasn't going to happen to me."

Meanwhile, back at the ball park, Stone suffered a shoulder injury in 1976 that greatly reduced his market value when he became eligible for that year's reentry draft. Only Veeck, rebuilding the White Sox from scratch, had faith that Stone wouldn't miss a second chance to be born anew in his hall park. The Sox' vice-president of player personnel, Roland Hemond, consummated the one-year, $60,000 deal over lunch at the Pump Room, where Stone was filling in as manager. Hemond says it was the first time he ever signed a player in a tuxedo, and he picked up the tab as "a sort of bonus to Steve."

Stone reciprocated by leading the Sox' pitching staff, otherwise known as "Veeck's bargain basement," with 15 wins in 1977 and, at double the salary, added 12 more victories the next season. Then, by special arrangement with Veeck, Stone became the only player to go through the reentry draft twice. And this time six teams were interested, most notably the Orioles, who signed him to a four-year, $760,000 contract.

Stone started slowly last season, struggling to a 6–7 record at the midway point. Desperate, he installed a lucky stuffed sheepdog in his locker, shaved off his mustache, switched gloves, threw out his old spikes and changed his number from 21 to 32, Koufax' old number. In the habit of reading three books on a road trip, he tried applying the precepts he learned from such volumes as *Telepsychics*, *Winning Through Intimidation* and *The Power of Your Subconscious Mind*. From Harvey the Hypnotist he learned to meditate on opposing lineups, envisioning precisely how he would retire each hitter in a kind of transcendental perfect game. And for help with an ailing elbow, he consulted Pat the Faith Healer. "I'll concentrate on it," she said.

Something clicked. Stone had 14 straight starts without a loss and picked up five wins in the second half of the season to help propel the Orioles into the playoffs and on to the American League pennant. This season, mindful that he will turn 33 in July—and "It doesn't look like I'm going to make the Hall of Fame"—he feels he must rely on his powers of positive thinking more than ever. "For some inexplicable reason," he confided over his sea bass *bonne femme*, "my curveball will disappear for two weeks at a time. And without the curve, I'd be serving you this fish instead of eating it."

"Concentration is the answer, of course. In fact, no one who has played this game has ever said it was anything less than 80% mental. Yet while every team has a trainer to care for the body, none has a specialist to administer to the mind. I saw *Annie Hall* 11 times because I admire the way Woody Allen vents his neuroses on the screen. I identify with that. I try to reprogram my subconscious, sweep out all the negative feelings before every game. It's a self-psych that can come across as cocky, but it works."

Sometimes. In *Today's Hero*, one of his poems, which have appeared in such diverse journals as the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* and the *National Jewish Monthly*, Stone observes:

Your supreme effort of yesterday may
fall short of winning tomorrow—
then what? . . .
You have to go out tomorrow and win
again because the people like their
heroes a day at a time
The top of the world and the bottom
aren't really that far apart—now
are they?

For the moment, Stone is hovering somewhere near the top. Last month, primed with pancakes, he started a new win streak at home with a 4–2 victory over Texas. Two no-decision starts last week against Milwaukee and California left his season record at 6–3 and his career mark at 84–82. All that, plus delivery of a new Porsche and the finalizing of his plans to buy the Scottsdale restaurant with his friend Bill Frost, has convinced Stone that the itch for positive thinking might be catching.

"I think—no, I *know*—we can win the pennant again," he keeps saying. And to further motivate the Orioles, Stone promises that there will be a repeat of the beef Wellington celebration that he staged for the team in the Pump Room last season. "Provided we win," he says. "If we don't, I told them that it's going to be tacos hollandaise and Twinkies *flambé*."

THE WEEK

(June 1–7)

by HERM WEISKOPF

NL EAST With Larry Parrish (sore right wrist) joining Ellis Valentine (fractured left cheekbone) on the disabled list, the Expos (6–1) seemed about to buckle under. Instead, they knuckled down. Gary Carter slammed his 10th and 11th home runs, Andre Dawson had eight RBIs, and the Expos had 12 stolen bases, six by Ron LeFlore. And three extra-inning wins moved Montreal to the top of the division, three percentage points ahead of Pittsburgh. Warren Cromartie's single in the 12th finished off the Cardinals 7–6. Bob Pate drew a bases-loaded walk in the 13th to defeat the Cubs 8–7, and Bill Almon's joy came when he singled in the 13th to beat St. Louis 2–1. In all, the fast-finishing Expos scored 23 of their 36 runs after the sixth inning. The bullpen excelled, too, with Woodie Fryman extending his scoreless-inning streak to 23; he gave up just two hits and struck out 10 in 9⅓ innings.

Dale Berra's grand slam and five RBIs helped the Pirates (3–3) drub the Mets 13–3, and four steals by Omar Moreno led to a 9–3 victory over the Phillies. Another defeat of Philadelphia came when Willie Stargell hit his first homer in seven years off Tug McGraw to tie the score at 3–3 in the eighth and Ed Ott singled in the tie-breaker in the 10th. After league President Chub Feeney rejected Buc Third Baseman Bill Madlock's appeal of a Feency ruling that Madlock would have to serve a 15-day suspension and pay a $5,000 fine for shoving his glove in an umpire's face on May 1, Madlock filed another appeal, with Commissioner Bowie Kuhn. Four days later Madlock thought better of it all and decided to take his medicine.

Steve Carlton of the Phillies (3–3) rarely talks to the media, but last week he spoke with his old pal Tim McCarver, a catcher-turned-sportscaster. After a 4–3 triumph in Pittsburgh that made him the first 10-game winner in the majors, Carlton said he recently had been stuffing cotton in his ears while pitching. "It blocks out the crowd noise," Carlton explained. Rookie Bob Walk, who had lived up to his name in his first two outings by giving up 10 bases on balls in 8⅓ innings, was a 6–5 victor over Chicago as he lasted 5⅔ innings and didn't issue a free pass.

"I haven't seen a guy challenge hitters like that in a long time," said Ken Reitz of the Cardinals after Craig Swan of the Mets had won 2–1 with an explosive fastball. Swan struck out eight and became a winner when Steve Henderson singled in the ninth, stole second and scored on Mike Jorgensen's pinch hit. New York (3–3) climbed past Chicago into fourth place by jolting Pittsburgh 9–4 with

continued

an eight-run second and 6–5 in 11 innings.

A two-run pinch homer by Larry Bittner carried the Cubs (2–5) past the Phillies 5–4. That helped Chicago stay safely ahead of last-place St. Louis (page 26).

MONT 27–20 PITT 28–21 PHIL 26–21
NY 22–26 CHI 21–28 ST.L 18–32

NL WEST During the off-season, the Dodgers (3–3) were sure enough about Dave Goltz' future to sign him to a multi-year, $3 million contract. But the front office was apprehensive about Bob Welch, who had been 5–6 in 1979, and Jerry Reuss, who had been 7–14. With almost a third of the season completed, the Dodgers are now concerned about Goltz and ecstatic about Welch and Reuss. Goltz went nine innings last week. Unfortunately, they came in two starts during which he gave up 12 earned runs, increasing his ERA to 4.71. Welch, who admitted he was an alcoholic and underwent treatment before the season began, cut his ERA to 2.07 and lifted his record to 6–1 by beating the Reds 5–1. As for Reuss, he went to Dr. Frank Jobe when he had an asthma attack in February and found he had weak muscles on his left—or pitching—side. Reuss followed Jobe's weight-training program, and his 5–0 three-hitter against the Braves put him at 7–1, with a 2.41 ERA.

A former Dodger, Rafael Landestoy, helped pull the Astros (4–2) to within one game of L.A. Landestoy tripled in two runs as Houston defeated San Diego 3–2, singled home the decisive run in the ninth to beat the Padres 4–3 and scored vital runs in back-to-back shutouts of San Francisco. J.R. Richard won the first of those games 2–0, yielding just three hits and striking out 13, and Joe Niekro added a 3–0 five-hitter.

Tom Hume saved all three victories for the Reds (3–3) with five innings of shutout relief. But Cincinnati sputtered the rest of the week, largely because seven players had minor injuries and George Foster was going 1 for 20.

Pitchers Rick Wise of the Padres and Phil Niekro of the Braves were no longer victims of poor support. Wise, who had only one win in his previous five starts despite yielding just six runs, pulled a muscle in his rib cage in the sixth inning against Houston. But San Diego (2–4) made him a 3–0 winner when Eric Rasmussen wrapped up the shutout. Niekro, who had received only one run from Atlanta (4–2) in his past 25 innings, finally got enough help to defeat the Giants 4–2. The Braves, who had hit a mere 27 homers in their first 49 games, clouted four while beating the Giants 7–2 and moving up to fifth place. San Francisco (3–3)beat Atlanta 3–2 by scoring three runs with two out in the ninth, the last two on Milt May's double.

LA 31–21 HOUS 29–21 CIN 29–23
SD 25–28 ATL 21–28 SF 21–31

AL WEST When the Royals (6–1) weren't tormenting opponents with hits—they had 49 in a four-game span—they were bedeviling them with speed. Led by the Flying W's, Kansas City stole 13 bases, including four by Willie Wilson, three by John Wathan, two by Frank White and one by U.L. Washington. Dennis Leonard took care of Texas 8–0 with a three-hitter, and Clint Hurdle settled two games with his bat. While going 7 for 12 for the week, he beat New York 6–5 with a pinch single in the 10th and drove in five runs to defeat Texas 7–2.

Chicago's Rich Dotson, a sensation in April and a dud in May, regained his form with a three-hit, 5–1 victory over Texas. Harry Chappas, recently recalled from the minors, helped the White Sox (4–1) to an 8–7 triumph over the Indians when he doubled in a run in the ninth.

The A's, Mariners and Angels won only one game apiece. Matt Keough ended a five-game Oakland losing streak by beating Boston 4–1 for his seventh victory. Tom Paciorek, who hit .440, had three hits as Seattle won 8–7 in Cleveland. The clincher was Larry Cox' ninth-inning home run. Jason Thompson's three RBIs helped California defeat Toronto 6–3, but the rest of the week was a bummer for the Angels. Outfielder Dan Ford, hobbled by an ailing right knee, became the fourth Californian on the disabled list. Frank Tanana, ineffective as a starter, went to the bullpen, and his first two pitches in relief were creamed for a triple and a homer.

Texas (2–5) was hard hit by injuries, too. Buddy Bell missed most of the week because of a pulled rib-cage muscle, and three pitchers were sidelined—Ferguson Jenkins and Steve Comer with bad shoulders, Danny Darwin with a broken knuckle. Darwin's injury came when he punched a fan during a scuffle outside the Ranger bus.

For the Twins (3–1), Geoff Zahn worked 6⅔ hitless innings against Toronto and wound up with a 5–0 one-hitter. But Minnesota found it would have to do without union activist and Reliever Mike Marshall, who had a 6.19 ERA when released by the club.

KC 32–20 CHI 28–24 OAK 26–26 SEA 24–28
TEX 24–28 MINN 21–30 CAL 20–29

AL EAST There was a festive air in Milwaukee, where 35,192 burghers welcomed back Manager George Bamberger, who had been out of action since suffering a heart attack on March 26. The pregame ceremonies were elaborate: a *This Is Your Life* segment, in which old pictures of Bamberger were flashed on the scoreboard screen, a *Welcome Home, Bambi* sing-along to the tune of *Hello, Dolly!*; and a ride around the park by Bamberger in the back of a pickup truck. Then came the game. Bamberger, who lost 23 pounds while recuperating, found that his Brewers hadn't lost anything at the plate as they beat the Tigers 8–4. Although Larry Hisle was put on the 15-day disabled list with a sore shoulder, Milwaukee (5–1) kept up its pursuit of first-place New York by defeating Baltimore twice. After Moose Haas beat the Orioles 3–0, the Brewers pulled out a 3–2 victory as league home-run leader Ben Oglivie hit his 14th with a man on and Robin Yount brought home the decisive run with a squeeze bunt in the eighth.

While driving to the ball park with Yankee teammate Jim Spencer, Eric Soderholm's fear became a reality: his already balky car began spouting steam and, 15 minutes before Spencer and Soderholm were to be in the clubhouse, conked out in bumper-to-bumper Bronx traffic. After the players hitched a ride with a couple of fans, it was Soderholm who got hot, going 5 for 5. And with Bobby Brown driving in four runs, New York (4–2) outlasted Toronto 11–7. Tommy John gave up only two singles to Seattle as he picked up his 200th career triumph, a 3–0 victory. A 1–0 win over the Mariners the next night was built around Reggie Jackson's second-inning home run and the three-hit pitching of Tom Underwood, who got last-out relief from Rich Gossage.

Like Soderholm, Rich Dauer of the Orioles (3–2) had a 5-for-5 game, but it took a pinch homer in the 11th by Lenn Sakata to produce a 9–8 defeat of the Brewers.

A three-game sweep of the A's helped the Indians (3–2) tie the Blue Jays for fourth place. Toby Harrah, who batted .529, and Cliff Johnson both homered in the final two games of that series, Johnson settling the finale 6–4 with a two-run shot in the 10th. The Tribe may have to get along for the rest of the season without Second Baseman Duane Kuiper, who was operated on for cartilage and ligament damage to his right knee. Despite three home runs, eight RBIs and .524 hitting by John Mayberry, Toronto (2–4) fell back.

The only game in which the Red Sox (2–3) got decent pitching was Bob Stanley's 6–2 win over the Twins. And only once did Boston batters tee off, Rick Burleson getting five hits during a 14–8 rout of Oakland. Result: a drop from fourth place to sixth.

Detroit (2–2) defeated Seattle 4–2 as two pinch hitters delivered, Stan Papi with an RBI single in the eighth and Richie Hebner with a two-run homer in the ninth.

NY 32–18 MIL 28–21 BALT 25–26 CLEV 24–25
TOR 24–25 BOS 24–26 DET 21–27

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

GEORGE BRETT By homering in three consecutive games, driving across 11 runs, scoring seven times, stealing two bases and batting .433, the 27-year-old third baseman helped Kansas City remain in first place.

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A great stramash in Glasgow

The pipes, the drums, the thousands of voices raised in song bestirred Jim Watt, the WBC lightweight titleholder, to victory over former Olympic champ Howard Davis

At the end of 15 long, hard rounds last Saturday night, the heart and soul of gray, workaday old Glasgow was there for Jim Watt to take "O, flower of Scotland," the crowd sang, breaking into a patriotic favorite, a sad-happy ballad commemorating battles of long ago, "when will we see your like again?"

And Watt himself, the blue-and-white flag of his nation held high over him, sang along with his people. "I'm going to pull it out for Scotland," he'd said a couple of days earlier. And he'd done just that, despite the misgivings of the hometown bookies, the only Glaswegians to doubt him when they set the odds at 7–4 in favor of Howard Davis Jr., the former Olympic champion from New York, who was challenging Watt for his WBC lightweight title.

It was a great night for Glasgow; in the local view, it was also a great stramash, which is a word the Scots have for a Donnybrook, a swinging fight. And for days before that, they'd been able to enjoy, as an hors d'oeuvre, a verbal stramash that went beyond the normal discourtesies exchanged between fighters.

The 24-year-old Davis—John-John, his family calls him—probably had little idea of what he was starting when he came to town and mentioned that he could beat Watt with his arms and legs cut off and a cigarette in his mouth. Just a formal insult. Indeed, Davis had used almost the same words against Termite Watkins last September. How was he to know Watt would take them seriously?

But Watt did. When the fighters met last Wednesday at a somewhat contrived media event, he was plainly and genuinely angry. "You are fighting the fastest body in the world," Davis said for openers. "You're so fast?" Watt snarled back. "So how come you've landed on your butt so often. You've only been in against 10-round club fighters." Now he was moving into the real stramash stuff. "I saw you on the tape against [Larry] Stanton. You didn't go down; you jumped on the floor to avoid a punch. We'll see just how much courage you have on Saturday night."

Howard fell back onto the verbal ropes, seemingly a little startled at this violence. But at least he wasn't bored. Since his arrival in Scotland a week earlier, boredom had been his worst enemy. In the summer of '76, many experts regarded him as the brightest prospect among the five U.S. gold medalists, including Leon Spinks and Sugar Ray Leonard, and his chief asset seemed to be the speed of his punching. Although his pro record was 13–0, his fists were more flashy than flattening; he had but five knockouts.

And there was talk that Davis wasn't deeply in love with the fight game; in fact, it seemed of late that the main use to which he put his speed was to keep out of range of punches, while attempting to score with his long reach. And in Scotland last Friday, rumors of his disenchantment with boxing had gotten so strong that the wire services put out a story that he was packing his bags and leaving town. "If he does that," said Mickey Duff, the fight's promoter, who had signed Davis for a reported $300,000 and Watt for an estimated $500,000, "I'm going to sue him for the whole million dollars he says he's earned so far."

It wasn't necessary, of course. Davis showed up on schedule, but in the days leading up to the fight he seemed bored and restless. However, he had plenty to say about Watt: "Sure, I know he's consistent. Consistent like a robot, like R2-D2, like somebody in his corner is moving him on a radio beam—'Go to your left hand. Move to your right.' He's a very slow starter. I could end him early. All the same, I like to feel my opponent out before I start throwing my bombs."

But wouldn't he feel the pressure of fighting in Scotland? There might be as many as 30,000 of the most fanatical sports fans in the world crammed into Ibrox Park Stadium, the home of the Glasgow Rangers soccer team.

Davis was inclined to shrug that off. And he retold the story of his mother's death on the eve of his gold-medal fight in Montreal. "Could there be worse pressure than that?" he asked.

All the same, whether by happenstance or Scots guile, it had been arranged that Davis would have to walk more than 100 yards across the field to the ring—and the same distance to return to his dressing room. Mike Jones, his co-manager, put one fear succinctly: "If Howard gets a narrow points decision," he said, "I'll need a helicopter to get him out of there."

Jones was not being overly theatrical. In the soccer world, they still remember the 1972 battle of Barcelona when thousands of Rangers fans invaded the field in that Spanish city after their team had beaten Moscow Dinamo in a momentous game there. The police had charged. With Geronimo-like cunning, the Glaswegians first retreated and then surrounded the cops, putting them to ignominious rout. And only last month, at a game between the Rangers and their archrivals, Glasgow Celtic, there had been 153 arrests and more than 200 hurt in a bottle-throwing melee. And it would be Rangers and Celtic fans, in the main, who would be out Sat-

continued

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urday to watch and back their idol.

Jimmy Watt had gained the crown at a propitious time. In 1978, Scotland had had high hopes of winning soccer's World Cup, but had suffered a humiliating defeat in the first round. Then, eight months later, Roberto Duran gave up his lightweight championship; Watt fought Alfredo Pitalua of Colombia for the vacant title, and Scotland had a new hero to help it forget its athletic woes. "When I walked down the streets," Watt says, "they didn't say, 'Congratulations.' They said, 'Thank you, Jim, thank you.' I'd done it for Scotland."

Watt's outburst on Wednesday had been uncharacteristic, as he admitted the next morning. He could have taken a gibe from somebody of stature, he said—Alexis Arguello, for instance—but not from Davis. "I'm not kidding myself into thinking Davis isn't a good fighter," he said. "And if this was to be an eight-round fight, I'd be worried. But he's only been as far as 12 once. And even on the offensive, half his mind is on getting away. He'll be fast in the early rounds, but sometime he'll have to slow down."

On Saturday afternoon, heavy black clouds came billowing up the Clyde, and hopes for a sellout dwindled as the rain started in earnest early that evening. The showers, it was thought, would help Davis by diminishing the crowd and dampening the fervor of those who did show up.

That forecast was about 50% right. Only 20,000 fans came to Ibrox Park, but the rain failed to douse their wild chauvinistic flame. An hour before the 10 p.m. fight, the singing started—"We'll support ye evermore," to the tune of the old hymn *Bread of Heaven*. A little later a roar rocked the stadium. The champion, arriving early? No, Margaret Watt, his wife, had just come in. And there was the Glaswegian gent who asked, in a city that is almost as polarized on religion as Belfast, "Is this Davis fellow a Catholic or a Protestant?" "No, man," a neighbor said dryly, "a vegetarian."

Not all the T-bone steaks in the world, supposing Davis would touch one, could have fortified him against the reception Watt got. Davis' own welcome was unprepossessing—just ritual booing—and he responded to it neatly, blowing sarcastic kisses to the crowd. But Watt's appearance was a Roman emperor's triumphal procession, replete with drums, kilts, banners and pipes.

During the referee's instructions, Watt and Davis glared at one another, and drew ever closer until their noses were no more than a millimeter apart. For a long moment they stayed like that, with neither man backing down, until the referee intervened.

Watt will be 32 next month and he had had 43 pro fights, but before meeting Davis he said, "I haven't worn my body out. I've picked up strength with maturity. I've been a lightweight for 15 years and my body is strong at the weight."

That seemed to be confirmed in Round 1, when Watt, a lefty, caught Davis with two stinging right jabs. As he was to do throughout the fight, Davis showed speed, but it was a wild, inaccurate speed, typically used to throw roundhouse rights that Watt ducked with ease and confidence. In the third, for instance, Davis threw no fewer than eight of them, and all whistled harmlessly off target. He was having trouble, much more than he had expected, dealing with Watt.

All through the early rounds, the crowd had given voice. Now, in the fifth, as Watt hit Davis in the body with a series of clubbing rights, it sensed the way things would go and moved into a terrible, derisive chanting of "Ea-sy, ea-sy," the way Scottish soccer fans chant when they sense a victory.

By the seventh round the pattern was plain. Watt was taking the fight to Davis, calmly and clinically punishing him, easily weaving away from his ill-directed counterattacks. In the ninth, it seemed, the speed had gone out of Davis, almost as if he were conceding the truth of Watt's gibe that he couldn't go the full 15, that he was a short-distance fighter.

But then, in the 10th, Davis suddenly came back, perhaps heeding the calls from his father in the corner, urging him to keep low, to jab, jab. He opened a cut under Watt's left eye. In the 11th he went after that cut. He did more of the same in the 12th. But he was still wild, and he left himself open. With about a minute to go in Round 12, Watt scored with a right that cut Davis' left brow.



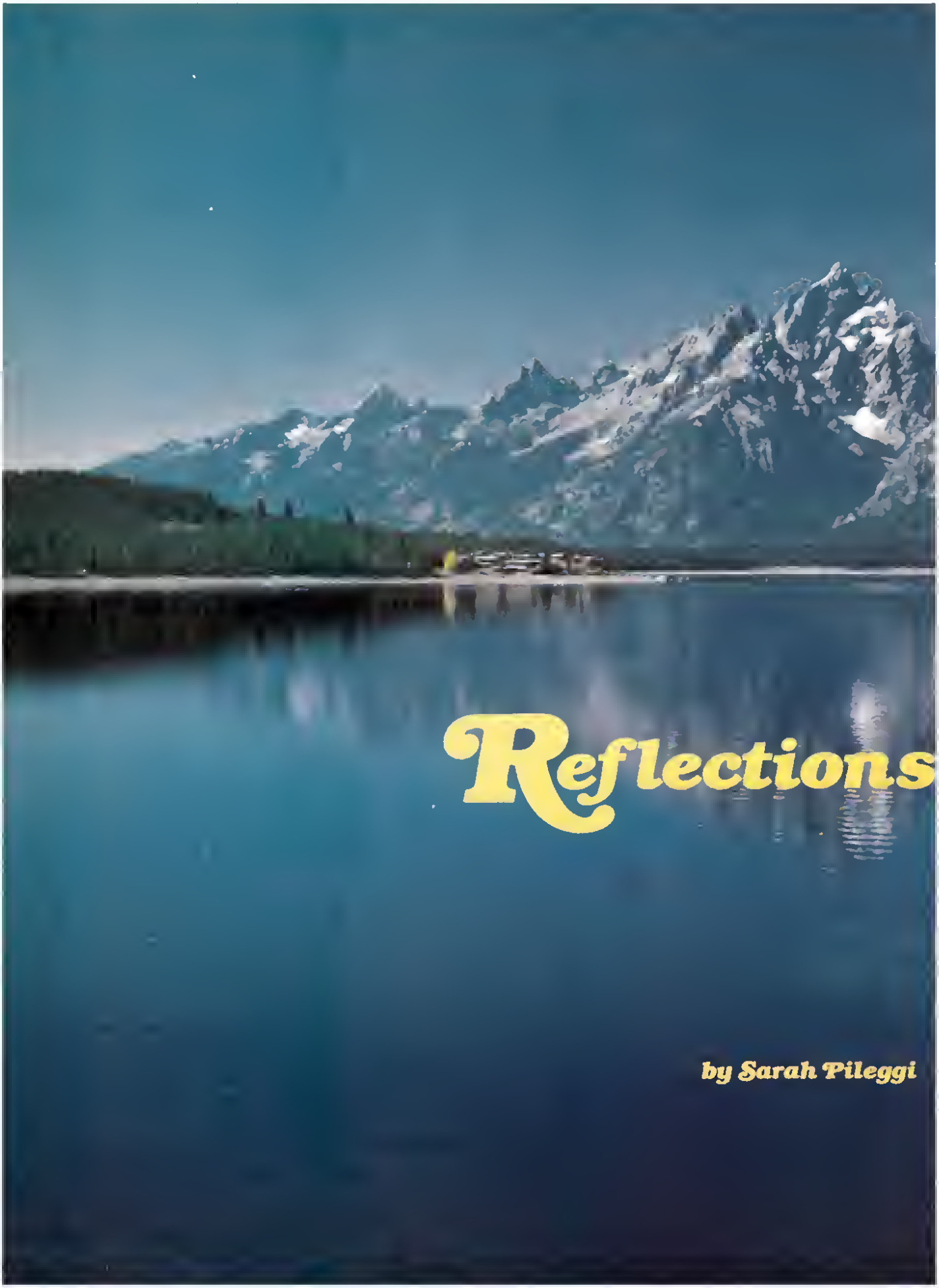
Watt was right on target, scoring a unanimous decision

You could see the difference in their styles in their faces: a visible tightening of determination on Watt's visage, a tigerish snarl on Davis'. It became hard to tell who was the older man. By the 14th, it was Davis who was lagging. Watt pinned him in a corner, hammering him with furious combinations to the body and then sliding away with no trouble when Davis tried to come back. "Ea-sy, ea-sy," the chant came out of the darkness. And then it was over; there was no real doubt and *O, Flower of Scotland* was filling the air even before the official scoring was announced. Referee Carlos Padilla of the Philippines had it just 145–144 in Watt's favor, but the Mexican judge scored it 149–142 and the Venezuelan 147–144.

Meanwhile, at Davis' hotel, they had laid on a banquet for, they reckoned, the new champion. As it turned out, someone just slipped upstairs with a platter of fruit for Davis, and surprised late drinkers at the hotel bar were invited to help themselves to food that had been left untouched on the buffet table.

Now Davis has it all to think about again. "I'm still the best lightweight in the world," he had said defiantly in his dressing room after the fight.

It would be hard to convince them of that in Glasgow. **END**


Reflections
by Sarah Pileggi



of an Older America

The snow-topped Tetons shimmering in the Wyoming sun; a wild horse grazing in a marsh off the coast of Georgia; the howl from a coyote in the Arizona desert; the wind sighing through the pines of a California park; blueberry muffins on a summer morning in Maine: these are some of the reasons that visitors return year after year to the five American hosteiries described in the following essays. In deference to the glory of the surroundings, the style of these spots—inns, hotels, a dude ranch—is low key. Each exists solely to complement and, whenever possible, to enhance the enjoyment of its natural setting. Each attracts a clientele that loves nature, values solitude, would rather watch a sunset than a television set, but also has a healthy regard for clean sheets, hot showers and good food. These are distinctive places for discerning people.

CONTINUED

ZIMMERMAN

Jenny Lake Lodge

One way to experience the wonders of the Tetons of Wyoming is to strap on a 40-pound pack full of dry socks, rainwear, heavy sweaters, snakebite remedies and packets of dehydrated trail food and set out on foot for destinations bearing names such as Death Canyon. Another way is to check in at Jenny Lake Lodge at the foot of the grandest Teton of all, sit down in a rocking chair on the porch of a little log cabin all your own and contemplate the works of God and man.

Jenny Lake Lodge is run by Rockresorts, Inc. on the precept that the soul of a voluptuary and the heart of a nature lover can coexist peacefully in the same body. Therefore, the sheets on the beds at Jenny Lake Lodge are freshly ironed pure white cotton, the blankets are electric, and both are turned down by invisible hands each evening during the dinner hour. The towels, large, white and fluffy, are changed twice a day, and the soap in the bathroom is costly Neutrogena. The mirrors are full-length, the reading lamps are efficient and the little foil-wrapped chocolate that appears on one's pillow at night is the sort of touch that experienced travelers have come to expect in the world's best hotels. To find such luxuries in Grand Teton National Park is nothing short of startling.

Also surprising is the printed invitation to a weekly champagne reception from Manager Emilio Perez, a courtly veteran of the hotel business who learned his trade at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York "when it was the Waldorf-Astoria." If the weather is especially good, the reception takes place on the lawn outside the main lodge with Mounts Teewinot and Owens and the Grand Teton in the background, haloed by the late afternoon sun. Guests who may have spent their day on horseback or in hiking boots change voluntarily into summer dresses and sport coats for the occasion, just as if they were not on the edge of one of the vastest of American wildernesses.

When the weather is less pleasant—and it should be recalled that Will Rogers once said, "The mildest winter that I have ever experienced was the summer I spent in Wyoming"—the party moves inside the lodge, where leather chairs, tweed-upholstered couches and handwoven Indian rugs surround a large, welcoming fireplace, and an upright piano with a hymnal on its rack waits for the right person to come along.

The dining room at Jenny Lake is justly celebrated in Jackson Hole country and beyond. It might well be the only restaurant in Wyoming where a diner can begin his meal with consommé double au madère and finish it with a tarte de pêche. The table linen is crisp, the china is a Wedgwood design decorated with small Teton landscapes, a freshly cut flower in a ceramic vase decorates each table, and the dining chairs are made of lodgepole pine lashed together by leather thongs with seats and backs of cowhide. The disorientation that overcomes a newcomer stumbling into all this luxury might be total if it were not for the windows, cut into the varnished log walls of the dining room, that look out toward the matchless Tetons.

The Tetons are not the highest mountains in America. Grand Teton, the tallest of the seven peaks of the "cathedral group" that overshadows Jackson Hole, is only 13,770 feet. There are 38 principal mountains in the U.S. that are higher. But what makes the Tetons different, and what marks them indelibly in the memory, is that they have no foothills. Most mountains, approached as they are over a number of ridges of gradually increasing height, seem to shrink as one draws nearer. The Tetons loom larger and larger. They have been described as looking like a cresting wave about to crash onto the valley floor. Dangerously jag-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 71

A lone fisherman prepares to net a cutthroat trout in the still, cool waters of Wyoming's Jenny Lake





On Cumberland Island, off the Georgia coast, a great egret sails past a jungle of live oak and Spanish moss so thick that it almost obscures the bird's mate

Greyfield Inn

If an island can have a soul, the soul of Cumberland Island, off the coast of Georgia, resides not at the tidy, air-conditioned Park Service Visitors Center at Sea Camp where the passenger ferry from the mainland arrives and departs on schedule, but up the narrow dirt road a mile or two at the Greyfield Inn, a sprawling, slightly dowdy, charmingly eccentric, turn-of-the-century house set at the end of a winding *allée* of live oaks whose branches trail wisps of Spanish moss.

At Greyfield, wild turkeys clack at sunset, unfettered horses wander the lawns and few things occur on schedule, primarily because there is no schedule.

Greyfield guests are people who like solitude in an unspoiled wilderness followed by a hot bath and a cold drink on a creaking porch swing. They are a self-sufficient lot who face their days armed only with books, binoculars and box lunches. They bird, they shell, they fish, they botanize. They walk in the woods and they swim in the gentle Atlantic surf. And when they return to Greyfield in late afternoon, it is to a house that looks as though its residents have stepped out for a short time and will be back at any moment.

Everything about Greyfield is just as the Ferguson family, its former residents, left it. The books, the paintings, the Oriental rugs, the heavy mahogany furniture in the living room, the silver on the sideboard in the dining room, the white crocheted bedspread in the master suite, the dry skull of a loggerhead turtle on a windowsill in the library were all put in place by people who have lived there, not by interior decorators. A large portrait of Lucy Ricketson Ferguson, the inn's owner, painted when she was in her 20s, a gypsy kerchief tied around her head, a hunting knife in the leather belt at her waist, her dark eyes sizing up man and beast, dominates the west wall of the living room.

Lucy Ferguson is now 80. She was born in the old Life Building on West 31st Street in New York City on Sept. 14, 1899. "There were presses on the first four floors, and there were three apartments above that," she says. "One belonged to Charles Dana Gibson, one to someone else and the other belonged to my grandmother."

Greyfield, where Mrs. Ferguson has lived most of her life, became an inn in 1966, and since then she has moved three miles up the road to a two-story clapboard house whose walls are decorated with the skins of rattlesnakes she has recently killed and where she keeps a tapir as a pet. Mrs. Ferguson gets around these days in a new blue Jeep—"A gyp; it has

continued

no rear bumper and no hitch," she says—and she usually drops in at the inn two or three times a day to check up on things. Her summertime uniform is a bathing suit under a denim skirt, and sneakers. "Why don't you go for a swim before dinner," she suggests to hot, tired guests who have just arrived, along with the inn's groceries, on her battered little ferry, the *R.W. Ferguson*, after the 45-minute, 11-mile trip from Fernandina Beach, Fla.

The path to the beach from the inn is a tunnel, half a mile long, formed, as the poet Sidney Lanier put it, of "braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the vine." The tunnel ends in a sudden blaze of sunlight on white sand dunes. Beyond the dunes stretches a wide, smooth beach, unpeopled as far as the eye can see. Flocks of dainty sanderlings stand headed into the wind, terns swoop and dart, and low-flying pelicans, propelled by wings that seem to be all elbows, skim ponderously just offshore. Millions of shells—moon snails, baby's ears, Scotch bonnets, limpets, sand dollars, angel wings and dozens of other types—litter the sand. Few of them are broken, thanks to the gentleness of the Atlantic surf at this point on the coast and the rocklessness of the strand.

Cumberland Island is the southernmost and largest of the chain of barrier islands that begins at Cape Hatteras off North Carolina and extends to the Florida-Georgia border. The island is 16 miles long and three miles wide at its broadest point. Here, existing side by side in more or less longitudinal strips, are four distinct ecological regions—shore, dune, maritime forest and salt marsh—each with its own special society of animal and plant life. Twenty-six varieties of wild mammals and 323 species of birds have been identified on Cumberland, and their environment is rarely disturbed these days. That was not always the case. Once the entire island was a shooting preserve maintained by rich men, but that era ended in the 1920s and now even raccoons can be seen hunting in broad daylight at the edge of the marsh. A few years ago a white-tail deer, discovered by a Greyfield guest while it was eating flowers from an arrangement in a ground-floor hallway, merely looked up and then resumed its repast.

One road, a dirt-and-shell affair ambitiously named Grand Avenue, runs the length of the island under a canopy of live oak, though the only traffic is an occasional Park Service van and Lucy Ferguson's Jeep, no other vehicles being allowed on Cumberland. The road was built in the years before the Civil War when the island's plantation economy was based on cotton, rice, indigo and slavery. Without slaves that economy collapsed.

The next era began in 1881, when Thomas M. Carnegie, brother and partner of Andrew, bought land at the southern end of the island, built a vacation house the size of an ocean liner and named it Dungeness, after the plantation that had preceded it. The mansion had four stories, seven chimneys, sweeping porches and a somewhat top-heavy cupola amidships. Carnegie's Dungeness was never occupied after the 1920s, and it burned in 1959, but impressive ruins still remain, growing increasingly spooky year by year as the tropical vegetation reclaims them. Someone once said that if Greyfield had not existed, Tennessee Williams or Somerset Maugham would have invented it. Emily Brontë could have dreamed up Dungeness.

Thomas Carnegie died at 42 and his widow, Lucy, raised her nine children on the island. Eventually, she built several other houses, though none so grand as Dungeness, for her children as they grew up and married. Greyfield is one of those houses and Lucy Ricketson Ferguson is Mrs. Carnegie's granddaughter.

One almost hopes for a stormy day or two during a visit to Greyfield to have an excuse for spending some time prowling discreetly through the old house. The books to be found on the library shelves are a perfect rainy-day potpourri: William Faulkner, Sinclair Lewis, Budd Schulberg, Robert Louis Stevenson, *Grave Danger: A Johnny Liddell Mystery* and *Natural Light Photography* by Ansel Adams.

Tucked away on a shelf in a corner of the living room is an 8-by-10-inch photograph of a slim, tanned young man wearing only a loincloth and standing ankle-deep in the surf, aiming a rifle out to sea. The late Mr. Ferguson. There is also a circa-1900 photograph of a teatime gathering on the front porch of Greyfield: several beautiful young women in summer frocks, wicker chairs, a swing, a silver samovar and a baby, about a year old, enveloped in a billowing white dress Mrs. Ferguson. And in a drawer, where it may have lain for years or where, perhaps, it has been placed for the rainy-day entertainment of guests, is an itemized bill for $10,000 in household goods from John Wanamaker, New York, dated December 1906. It took some 30 carefully handwritten pages to detail all that was needed to set up a proper household on an island off the coast of Georgia in 1906.

The dining room, where Jimmy Carter was a guest a few years ago, is on the ground floor of the house, next to the pantry, the kitchen and the office. The meals, which are simple and occasionally very good, especially when they feature a local fish, are served buffet style from a sideboard, and guests, of whom there are seldom more than eight or 10, sit at a long polished mahogany table. There is a tiny bar on the main floor upstairs, and the bellman, if there happens to be one at the moment, will make drinks for the guests sitting on the elevated porch watching the wildlife in the cool of the evening. Otherwise, guests can mix their own.

The bedrooms, ranging in size from a large, airy, two-room suite to simple, enclosed sleeping porches, probably once children's rooms, are on the third floor and share four bathrooms. And the huge 19th-



Terns wheel above the gentle Atlantic swells off Cumberland Island

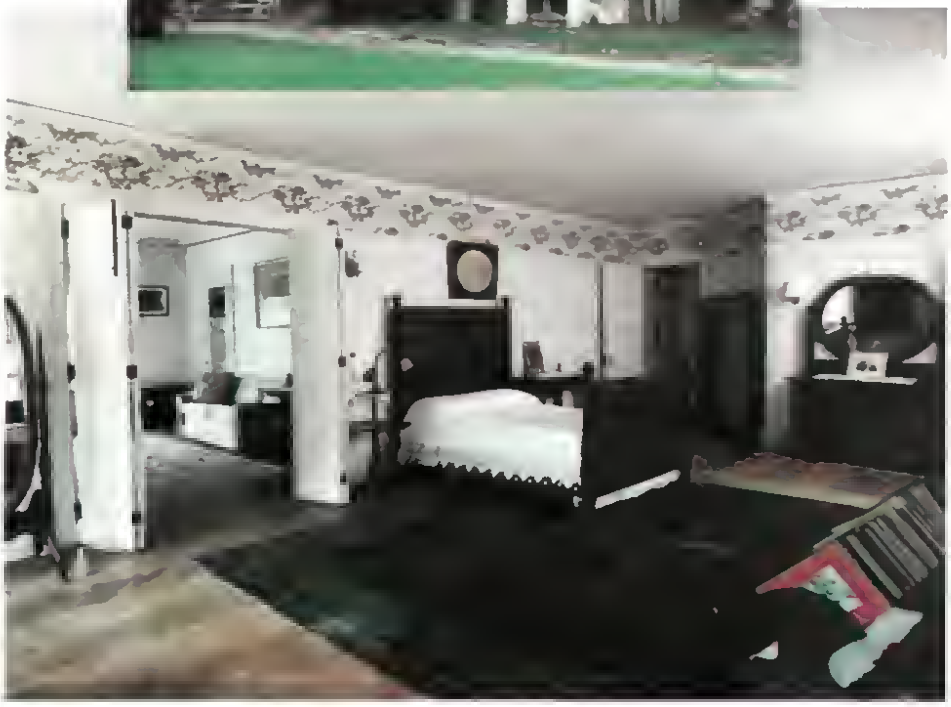
century bathtub is a luxury not to be sneezed at, even if it is down the hall.

Except for a few parcels of land that remain private for the time being, Cumberland Island became public property in 1972. As Cumberland Island National Seashore, the area will be protected from all development except what is deemed necessary for recreation by the National Park Service. For that citizens should be grateful. But the days of Greyfield as a privately owned and operated inn within the National Seashore are probably numbered, and that should be a cause for mourning, because there never will be another place quite like it.

GREYFIELD INN: Drawer B, Fernandina Beach, Fla. 32034
Telephone number: (904) 356-9509
Season: Year-round
Rates: $75 a day per person, American plan

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Greyfield is just as the Ferguson family left it, including the old photos, antique furniture and well-read books in the master bedroom. No wonder not even wild horses can keep visitors away





Two Asticou views yachts and lobster boats swing at their moorings before the inn (center building) from the dining room guests can watch the boats enter or leave Northeast Harbor

Reflections *continued*

Asticou Inn

One of the first summer visitors to discover the special quality of the air on the coast of Maine was Governor John Winthrop of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. As he sailed past the entrance to Northeast Harbor on the south shore of Mount Desert Island in June 1630, Winthrop noted in his ship's log, "We had now fair sunshiny weather and so pleasant a sweet air as did much refresh us, and there came a smell off the shore like the smell of a garden."

That incomparable air, smelling of cedar and spruce and of cold, deep salt water and new-mown hay drying in the sun, has been refreshing the minds and bodies of summer people, or "rusticators" as the locals used to call them, ever since. It is certainly one of the most pleasant aspects of life at the Asticou Inn, the rambling old gray-shingled hotel that has stood on a hill at the head of Northeast Harbor for 80 years. To awaken at the Asticou and watch a light offshore breeze stir the white ruffled curtains at the window, and hear from over the water the muffled jingle of countless halyards, and smell the utter freshness of the place—



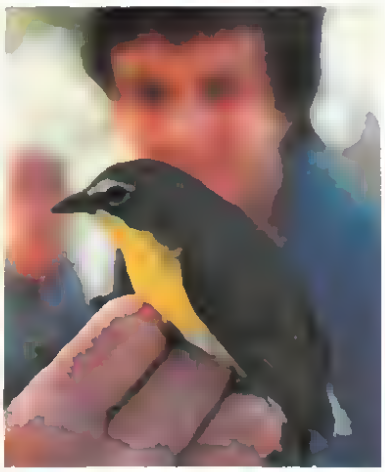
with perhaps a whiff of frying bacon from a distant kitchen mixed in—is to know what Governor Winthrop meant when he wrote of being refreshed. Henry James is supposed to have once said to Edith Wharton that the two most beautiful words in the English language were "summer afternoon." The great man might have revised his views if he had ever been to Northeast Harbor and had experienced such a summer morning.

The Asticou Inn opens in mid-June and closes soon after Labor Day. Much the same can be said of the whole of Mount Desert—or l'Isle des Monts-deserts, as Samuel de Champlain named it. The island, separated from the mainland by a narrow tidal channel, is only a few miles south of the Canadian border and New Brunswick. Its winters are hard and the year-round population of villages such as Bar, Northeast, Seal, Southwest and Bass Harbors, plus Somesville, the island's oldest settlement, adds up to only 7,500. Once the natives were farmers and fishermen and timber cutters. But that was before Thomas Cole, the founder of the Hudson River School, arrived to sketch the landscape in the summer of 1844. He was so delighted by the splendors of the Mount Desert scenery, the proximity of mountain and sea, forest and pond, that he told all of his friends, and such painters as Thomas Birch, Frederic Church, Charles Dix and William Hart soon followed Cole there. After the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72



Tanque Verde Ranch



This yellow-breasted chat may be a wary participant in the ranch's banding program, but after a day's riding there are no reluctant customers at this cookout in the cottonwood grove

Driving toward Tanque Verde Ranch from the west is like approaching the limits of the known world. The flat, ugly sprawl of Tucson recedes in fact and memory, and ahead, across the desert floor, rise mountains, ridge beyond ridge beyond ridge, to a point where the eye fails and the imagination takes over. The landscape's only colors are the tan of the dry earth, the gray-green of the vegetation and the intense blue of the Arizona sky.

Tanque Verde is an oasis and an outpost on the edge of a wilderness. Its grove of ancient cottonwoods announces the presence of water, as cottonwoods always do in the West, and birds sing soothingly in the mesquite trees that shade the low adobe ranch house. But beyond the ranch lie endless mountains that beckon from morning till night, first the low Tanque Verdes, then the higher Rincons to the east, the towering Santa Catalinas to the north. A barbed-wire fence with an unlocked gate is all that stands between Tanque Verde Ranch and the million-acre wilderness of the Coronado National Forest and the adjoining Saguaro National Monument. Riding and hiking trails radiate from the ranch up into the mountains and out onto the desert. They wind along the usually dry bed of the Tanque Verde River, climb rocky hillsides past solitary saguaro cactus and prickly pears with flamboyant yellow blooms, and arrive eventually at buttes and promontories where there is utter silence amid breathtaking vistas.

Tanque Verde is one of the oldest ranches in Arizona. Originally it belonged to Emilio Carrillo, a native of Sonora, who called it La Cebadilla, after the wild barley that then grew thereabouts. In 1862 Carrillo built a three-room adobe ranch house with walls two feet thick, gunports instead of windows and a plank floor that is thought to have been the first such domestic refinement in the state. On his land beside the Tanque Verde, a river then punctuated by spring-fed green "tanks," or pools, which have since disappeared, Carrillo set about raising cattle, protecting them

CONTINUED ON PAGE 73





36 Pintos in Five Families. Get the Picture?

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Wawona Hotel

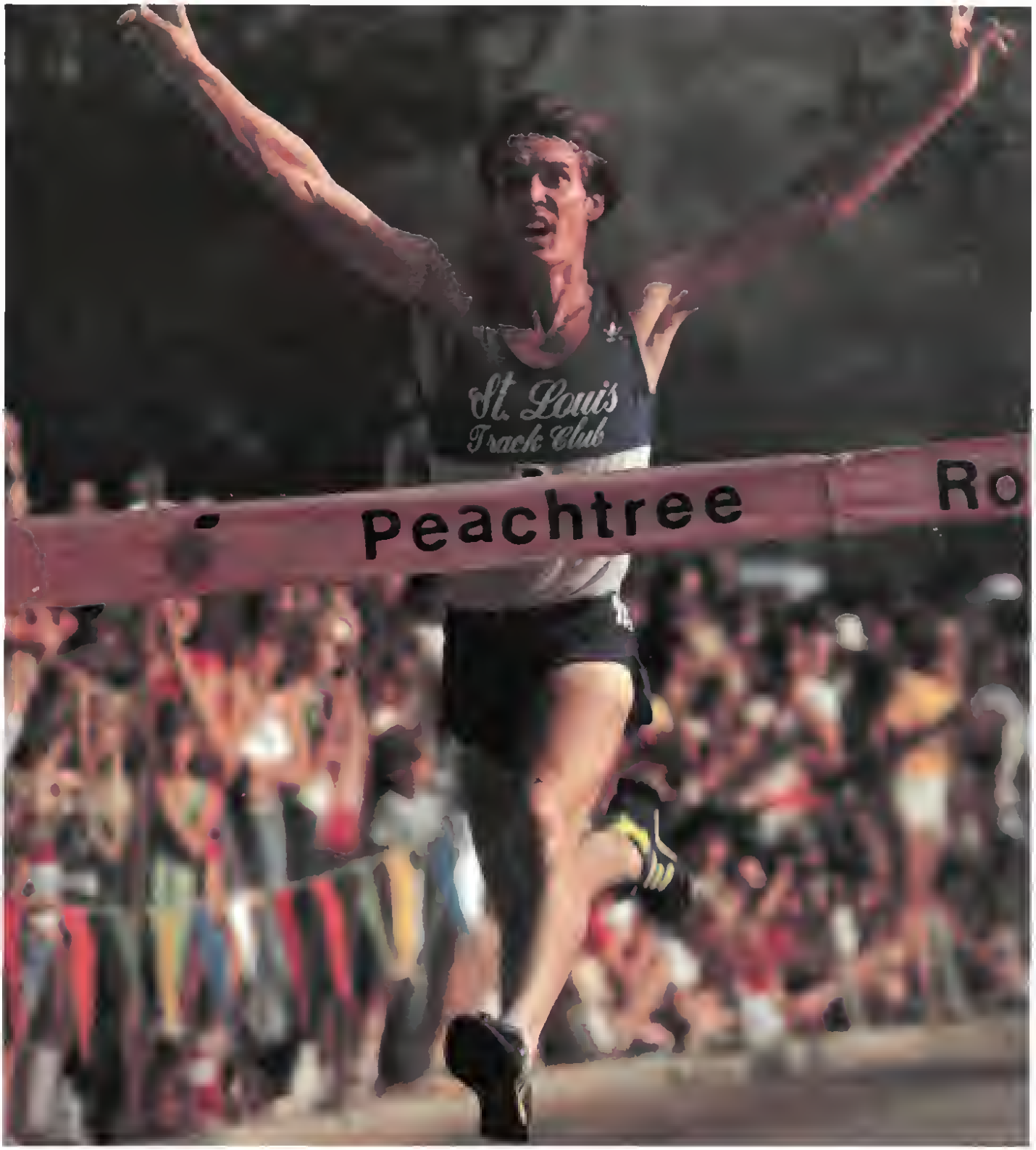


The Indian name for the peaceful meadow at the southern end of Yosemite National Park, where the Wawona Hotel has stood for more than a century, is Pallahchun, "a good place to stop." Here forests of pine and oak border the meadow, and the nearby South Fork of the Merced River thunders or frolics, depending on how fast the snow in the high country is melting.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

A non-paying guest enjoys the remains of a picnic. Sun filters through sugar pines about the pool. Even the dining-room help have an antique air.





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ged, snow-topped, unrelentingly vertical, dishearteningly barren, they are so beautiful at all hours, in all lights, in all seasons, that it is impossible not to want to get closer to them, to find out what it's like up there amid all the beauty.

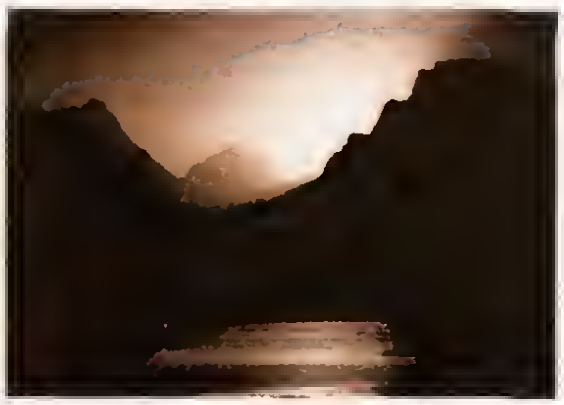
Miraculously, one can. By walking no more than two hours up the Cascade Canyon Trail from the edge of Jenny Lake—or to an altitude of about 9,000 feet—even a tenderfoot can sit on a rock in the sun at the edge of Cascade Creek and watch a bull moose with a mossy rack and an absurdly long face grazing in the shallows, and exchange wary glances with a golden marmot that, perched on its haunches with its tiny paws clasped across its chest, seems to wear the fur coat of another, larger animal. The creek burbles and crashes soothingly, a bald eagle sails across the face of a sheer granite wall, and almost unbelievably, skiers the size of gnats descend a glacier that is a full mile up in the air.

The human history of Jackson Hole, an old mountain man's word for a deep valley surrounded by mountains, is short and relatively meager. Little more than a century has passed since the first three settlers arrived with plows in hand and intentions of staying. Before that the itinerant population was made up of fur trappers, Canadian and American. It was, in fact, French Canadian trappers who chose the name for the mountains on the eastern edge of the valley that has stuck all these years—Les Trois Tetons, or the three breasts—which may be some indication of how long it had been since the trappers had seen a female. Even the Indian tribes of the northern Rockies—Blackfeet, Gros Ventres, Crows, Shosboni and Bannocks—never settled in Jackson Hole.

The Hayden geological survey of 1872, sent out by the government to map the American territories, explored the Tetons and Jackson Hole, but its leader, Dr. Ferdinand Hayden, was much more interested in the thermal activity of the Yellowstone Valley to the north. Presumably, a mountain was only a mountain but a geyser was a wonder. Whatever the reason, in 1872 Yellowstone became the first national park in the U.S., while the Tetons had to wait until 1929.

An uneducated, English-born trapper and guide known as Beaver Dick Leigh led the Hayden expedition into Jackson Hole, and it was Leigh's Shoshoni wife for whom Jenny Lake was later named. Jenny and all six of their children died of smallpox at their homestead on the Snake River in Jackson Hole in the space of a few days during the winter of 1876. Leigh's account of the family's ordeal, contained in a phonetically spelled letter to a man Beaver Dick had once served as a guide, is now housed at the University of Wyoming's Western History Research Center and is one of the most moving personal documents the American frontier has produced.

Few characters in Jackson Hole at that time were as admirable as Leigh. More were rascals like Ed Trafton, who held up 15 stagecoaches in one day. As Beaver Dick wrote in his journal: "The law in this section is only a Bilk and god keep me a long ways from it. . . ."



Dawn breaks over the Tetons, bathing Jenny Lake in a golden glow

The geological history of Jackson Hole is as rich as its human history is lean, and monuments to its major events are everywhere. Jenny Lake, for instance, is a glacial gem at the foot of Mount Teewinot, only a short walk from the lodge. The lake is deep and dark, and the clouds that constantly gather and scatter around the peaks above it are reflected in the surface. The western shore of the lake is at the base of the mountains and the mouth of Cascade Canyon. The eastern shore is bordered by a low mound, resembling a manmade earthen dam and covered with a forest of pine, spruce and firs. The mound is a terminal moraine, the point at which a glacier that 9,000 years ago crept down out of Cascade Canyon stopped its advance and began to melt, depositing debris as it receded.

To the east of the moraine is a flat glacial outwash plain where no trees will grow; beyond that is a "knob and kettle" topography of potholes, ponds and depressions created by large chunks of glacial ice that were partly buried in the gravel of the outwash.

The seven major peaks themselves—Grand, Middle and South Teton, Mounts Teewinot, Owens and Moran, and Nez Percé Peak—look as though they were tossed up into the sky from the hot center of the earth just a short time ago. And they were, geologically speaking. The Tetons are the youngest of the Rocky Mountains, only 10 million or so years old, with all of their rough edges still intact.

Summer is heartbreakingly short in Jackson Hole. It seems the wildflowers have hardly pushed through the melting snows beside the Cascade Canyon Trail before Jenny Lake Lodge closes down for the winter. The whole season is only 120 days long, and guests who arrive early in that span or leave late are likely to be treated to some decidedly unsummery weather. Nevertheless, occupancy at Jenny Lake is 97%. "Our guests don't really care about the weather," says Perez. "They come for the natural beauty and peace and quiet."

Whether walking in the canyons or fishing on Jenny Lake, floating on the Snake or rocking on the porch, whether bird watching or flower naming, rock hounding or book worming, the people who visit Jenny Lake Lodge again and again come for the privilege of living for a little while alongside a beauty that exists nowhere else. The specialty of the lodge is ensuring, almost surreptitiously, that nothing mars that time.

JENNY LAKE LODGE: P.O. Box 250, Moran, Wyo. 83013
Telephone number: (307) 543-2811
Season: June through August
Rates: $125-$195 a day, double occupancy, modified American plan

CONTINUED

artists came clergymen and college professors from Bangor and Boston; then the rich and the very rich from other Eastern cities, people who built grandiose "cottages" and founded clubs in Bar, Northeast and Seal Harbors. And finally, the zillionaires—J.P. Morgan on his yacht *Corsair*, Atwater Kent, assorted Fords, Vanderbilts, Rockefellers, Astors, Pulitzers, Damrosches and Peabodys.

Until about 1920, Bar Harbor on the island's northern shore was a social playground that rivaled Newport, R.I., while Northeast Harbor developed as a quiet retreat for those who used their wealth to buy serenity and elegant sailing vessels. In 1947 much of Bar Harbor was destroyed by fire, and today its streets are crowded in summer with day trippers and shops that cater to them. But Northeast Harbor is much as it has always been, a resort, preserved intact, from the days before Americans began to judge the success of a summer holiday by the color of their hides at its conclusion. Nobody lies on the beach in Northeast Harbor. For one thing, there is no beach, this being the fabled rocky coast of Maine. Furthermore, even at the height of summer the waters off Mount Desert Island are too cold to invite splashing. There are a few swimming pools about, one of them in the garden of the Asticou Inn.

Northeast Harbor has always had a mighty attraction for academics. Its three founders in 1880 were an Episcopal archbishop, a landscape architect and Charles W. Eliot, the 46-year-old president of Harvard. Before long Eliot was joined by Seth Low of Columbia and Daniel Gilman of Johns Hopkins. The late Harvard historian Samuel Eliot Morison, a lifelong Northeast Harbor man, tells the tale, in his book *The Story of Mount Desert Island*, of a very rich but slightly disreputable New York financier who asked a Northeast native about land for sale in the town. "We have some very fine people here now in Northeast Harbor," sniffed the local man, "including a bishop and three college presidents. We don't want any Wall Street riffraff!"

Eliot's first love was sailing. He had a sloop, *Sunshine*, built especially for Down East cruising. Morison, too, was a passionate sailor, and today Northeast Harbor remains an important yachting center. A pleasure of the Asticou is to sit on the porch at evening, looking down past the green lawns and flower gardens to the harbor, and watch boats of every description round the headlands to moor for the night.

Some of the Asticou's guests are sailors but most are hikers—or, more precisely, walkers—because the 120 miles of trails and wide, well-maintained "carriage paths" that meander through the island's mountainous Acadia National Park make an outing there more an esthetic than an athletic experience. One park trail begins only a few yards from the front door of the inn. A guest, supplied with a box lunch from the hotel kitchen, starts up a gravel road that looks as though it might be someone's driveway. Within minutes the hiker is deep into woods of striped maple and paper birch on a trail that will rise and fall through glens of ferns and mosses and exotic mushrooms and will cross a stream only a few yards below the Aswan of beaver dams before emerging, after about three miles, in a meadow at the southern end of Jordan Pond, a glacial lake surrounded by bald, granite-topped mountains.

The Jordan Pond House, an 85-year-old institution that burned to the ground a year ago, had been the goal of island excursionists ever since the days when Victorian ladies in white summer dresses and improbable hats climbed into horse-drawn wagons called "cut-unders" and rode over from Bar Harbor for tea and the specialty of the house, popovers. Cleveland Amory, in *The Last Resorts*, tells of a European countess who, having visited in Bar Harbor, said, "I can never remember whether I drove over in a cut-under for a popover, or in a popover for a cut-under."

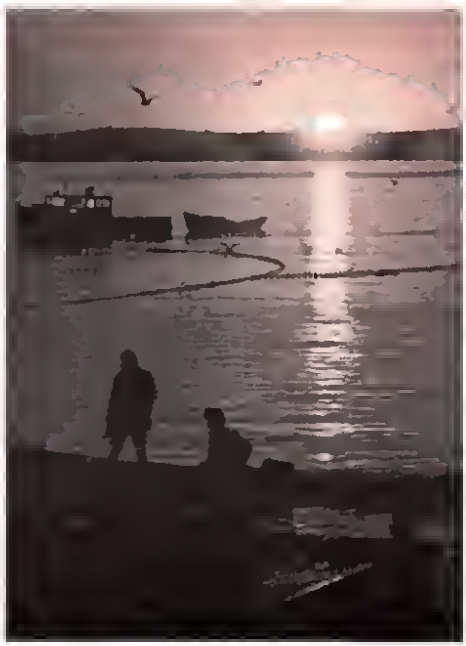
The Asticou Inn, too, was nearly lost a few years ago. In the mid-'60s, like a lot of other aging hotels in resort areas, the Asticou was in danger of closing. It was rescued by a group of Northeast Harbor property owners who formed a corporation, bought the rambling old place and saved, for their posterity and ours, a lovely example of a medium-sized, turn-of-the-century summer hotel. Its rooms are unselfconscious period pieces, furnished simply and comfortably with white wicker armchairs, brass bedsteads, white chenille coverlets and ruffled curtains that frame views of water the color of a Maine blueberry. The windows actually open and close, the air-conditioning is nature's own; the bathtubs are commodious, and the only TV set sits unattended on an enclosed sunporch off a downstairs sitting room.

Thursday night's dinner is a buffet, and people from all over the island come to dine and dance on the long porch overlooking the harbor, weather permitting.

The weather in Maine, without which conversation might cease to exist, is nothing if not changeable. Fog that wraps the fir tops in white and muffles the sounds of the sea is characteristic of June, but after that two days are rarely the same. The Asticou's guests take the weather in stride. A Mr. Armour of New York, 92 years old, arrives by limousine in June, stays until the hotel closes in September and walks the park trails every day, rain or shine. A judge from Philadelphia has visited the Asticou every summer since 1924.

The delights of the Asticou Inn are of another age and likely to remain so. The wonders of the sea and the mountains around it are grand and ageless and certain to remain so. Praise be

With the last lobster pot emptied, it's time to head home



ASTICOU INN: Northeast Harbor, Maine 94662
Telephone number: (207) 276-3344
Season: Mid-June to mid-September
Rates: $82-102 a day, double occupancy, modified American plan



Saguaro loom over horsemen climbing a hillside

as best he could from Apaches and bandits and drought.

In 1928 La Cebadilla was acquired from Carrillo's heir by Jim Converse, a hard-drinking, hard-shooting character who changed the name to Tanque Verde because he thought it would be easier for outlanders to handle, an important consideration because he was turning the place into a dude ranch. Converse continued to run cattle, as Carrillo had, but now winter-pale Easterners and Midwesterners paid good money to soak up the sunshine and the local color, a good deal of which was provided by the proprietor himself.

Converse was an avid hunter and gun fancier who always packed a .45. When the mood struck him, he would shoot at almost anything—jackrabbits from a moving car, the numbers on a cash register, even a light bulb in his own dining room as guests watched dumbfounded. One of them recalled, "He never spoke a word, just blew the smoke away from *the pistol barrel and walked out.*"

The current owners of Tanque Verde are a family of Minnesotans named Cote, not one of whom has ever shot out the lights but who are an extraordinary bunch, nonetheless. The patriarch is Reynold Frederick Brownlee (Brownie) Cote, who at 21 was a professor of economics at the University of Minnesota and who now, at 79, is a genial host at two summer camps and a lake resort in Minnesota as well as a guest ranch in Arizona. His 44-year-old son Bob is the resident manager at Tanque Verde.

The Cotes are skilled innkeepers, and Tanque Verde is comfortable and well run. The owners are not only friendly, but they also have a wide range of interests. Bob, for instance, is a regular participant in the predawn Thursday bird-banding expeditions that are led by a retired Minneapolis banker named Chuck Corchran. Since Corchran launched the project in 1970, he and his recruits have banded and recaptured 19,948 birds and in the process have identified 200 species on the ranch.

Tanque Verde and the Cote family seem to attract and hold unusual people like Corchran. Mel Becker, the leathery fellow in charge of the ranch's string of 90 saddle horses and staff of five wranglers, is a lifelong cowboy and a one-time minor league rodeo rider. He is also a local history buff and an amateur botanist. He once set out to learn the names of all the varieties of cholla cactus. "I snapped the book shut on that one when I found out there were 95," he says.

Becker will lead a string of guests on horseback up a steep and treacherously rocky trail, all the while telling them how *it was that some 720 years ago the local* Indians, who were desert farmers, backed up the river to irrigate their crops and how they were finally wiped out by a 26-year drought. "They had warehousing," he says, half turned in his saddle as he speaks, "but that wasn't enough. Drought brought disease and disease made them vulnerable to their enemies."

Janice Luepke, the wife of a Tucson architect and a docent at The Arizona-Sonora Living Desert Museum, drives out to Tanque Verde twice a week to lead nature walks. In half an hour she can outline the fragile ecological structure of the Sonora desert, of which the Tucson area is a northern extension, while at the same time pointing out the yellow flowers of the creosote bush, which no animal eats because it smells so bad; the spiked stalks of the ocotillo, which are about to bloom a fiery red; and the mesquite whose tap roots go as deep as 100 feet. "Our land here in the West is very thin and vulnerable," Luepke says. "The tracks of a Jeep will remain for 100 years. However, the ground is full of seeds that lie dormant, sometimes for 10 or 15 years. When the conditions are right, they'll come up."

"We've always been nature-oriented," says Bob Cote. "We never had a bar until a year ago for the same reason we don't have TV. We think there are better things to do. We encourage the outdoor life."

Actually, there is a TV set at Tanque Verde. It is in the library of the old ranch house for use by the children of the Vast Wasteland when they are suffering withdrawal symptoms. Also, latecomer though it may be, the bar at Tanque Verde has a certain charm. It is located in a crumbling adobe hut called, appropriately, the Doghouse. The building is the oldest on the ranch. In 1857 Emilio Carrillo lived in it while his own house was being built, and later his *vaqueros* used it as a bunkhouse in bad weather. Today the tennis pro acts as bartender, if he's around.

There are tennis courts at Tanque Verde, and an outdoor basketball court and two swimming pools (indoor and out), and there are wonderful steak cookouts in a cottonwood grove, followed by dancing, square and otherwise. But most people come to Tanque Verde to ride. Becker and his wranglers lead four different trail rides every day, fast or slow, long or short, all of which are included *in the daily rate. "We have 15 different* all-day rides," says Becker. "One of them goes two hours upstream to a place where we can swim. Then the 'have had its' can sit by the river and the 'hell for leathers' can ride till dark."

The main attraction at Tanque Verde, for equestrians, pedestrians and layabouts alike, is the country. At first a stranger is dazzled by its vastness, and his eye tends to sweep the horizon over and over again. Gradually, though, his senses become attuned to the desert and he begins to notice small things: the squiggly track of a sidewinder in the dust at the side of a road, the flash of a red-headed Gila woodpecker nesting in a giant saguaro, a wild delphinium, tiny and bluer than the sky. He hears the skeleton rattle of dry saguaro ribs in the wind and the whinnying of horses from the corral and the howl of a coyote on a starry night. And when wakened at dawn by the songs of a hundred birds, he steps outside to watch the sun light up the mountains and the color return to the sky, and wonders why he stayed away so long.

TANQUE VERDE RANCH: Route 8, Box 66, Tucson, Ariz. 85710
Telephone number: (602) 296-6275
Season: Year-round
Rates: $86-$120 a day, double occupancy, American plan

CONTINUED



The Wawona is a picture postcard of a 19th-century country hotel

Wawona is a good place to stop because it lies just 27 miles south of Yosemite Valley, the geologic jewel of the Sierra Nevada. To the Indians of Yosemite the valley was summer camp. They called it Ah-wah-nee (deep grassy valley) and left it at that. In 1849, however, the extraordinary spot was first sighted by white men—two gold miners who had lost their way while tracking a grizzly—and ever since people have been trying to describe what it is like to stand in a meadow looking up at 2,000-foot walls of granite over which cataracts ceaselessly plunge. So far, prose, poetry and paintbrush have failed miserably, and film, even in the cameras of Edward Weston and Ansel Adams, has only served to titillate. Yosemite remains a place that must be seen to be believed.

The first tourists came to Yosemite on foot and horseback in the 1850s. One of the earliest was Galen Clark, a New Englander who, at the age of 42, suffered "a severe attack of hemorrhage of the lungs" and shortly thereafter took to the mountains to die, which he did, 54 years later. Clark established a camp on the banks of the South Fork at the spot now occupied by the Wawona, where until 1874 he provided meals, supplies and primitive lodging to travelers on their way to and from Yosemite Valley.

The next owners of the "good place to stop" were New Englanders named Washburn, who called their place Big Tree Station. The completion of the transcontinental railroad in 1869 and the widespread publication of early photographs of Yosemite Valley caused tourist travel to increase dramatically. By 1875 a road financed by the Washburns was completed between Mariposa, a mining town in the Sierra foothills, and Yosemite. Stagecoaches passed right by the front door of Big Tree Station, and in 1879 the two-story frame building encircled by covered porches was opened. The Mariposa *Gazette* called the Washburns' new establishment "the grandest hotel in the mountains of California."

The hotel was soon rechristened Wawona, an Indian word for big tree, and its first celebrity guest was Ulysses S. Grant. Grant arrived so covered with dust that the *San Francisco Chronicle* reported, "He looked as if he had been engaged in the most hotly contested battle of the wilderness." After Grant came John Ruskin, Lillie Langtry, Diamond Jim Brady, William Jennings Bryan, William Howard Taft and Bernard Baruch, all bound for the wonders of Yosemite.

It wasn't until 1910 or so that Wawona's own bucolic charms—as distinct from the grander attractions of the valley—began to draw notice. Perhaps it took all those years for the dust to settle. Whatever the reason, in 1911 J. Smeaton Chase wrote in his book *Yosemite Trails* that Wawona "is the most peaceful spot that I know of in America and comes near being the most idyllic spot I have ever seen anywhere."

It is possible to fall in love with Wawona at first sight, especially if one approaches from the south. Four thousand feet up in the Sierra Nevada, Route 41 rounds a bend and there, on the left, is a grassy meadow bordered by an old, meandering rail fence. On the right, a wide green lawn dotted with towering sugar pines slopes up toward a picture postcard of a 19th-century summer hotel—Wawona. The place sparkles with fresh white paint and brightly striped awnings. Straight-backed rocking chairs are on its long porches shaded from the afternoon sun by hop vines climbing from the railings. Steller's jays dart from tree to tree, scolding, and the cool air is redolent of pine. One can sit in a rocker and watch mule deer grazing on the lawn and hear the distant plock of a single tennis ball, an almost forgotten sound from a time when one tennis court was considered adequate for any self-respecting resort.

Wawona has one tennis court (all-weather), one golf course (nine holes), one swimming pool (heated), two telephones (coin-operated) and one TV set. Its rooms, in adjacent cottages, are small and old-fashioned, with iron bedsteads, chenille spreads, scatter rugs on bare wood floors and pull shades at the windows.

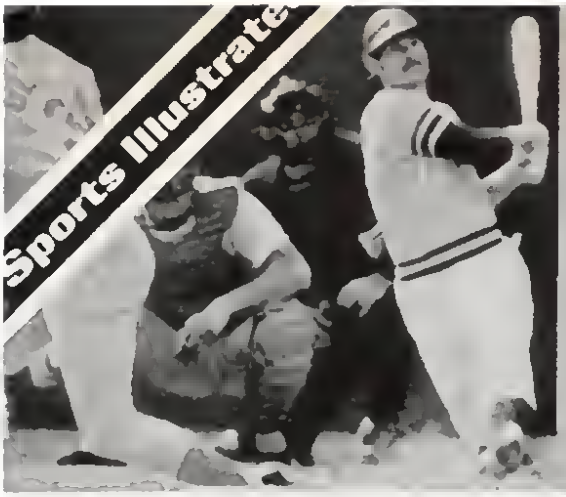
Wawona's chief charm is that its antiquity is organic and unselfconscious. A photograph taken of the hotel in 1890 and one taken yesterday are distinguishable by the vehicles parked at the door. The only show-biz hokum is a turn-of-the-century waitress uniform, designed for the hotel's centennial in 1979 and still worn by the girls who wait tables, and even that is understated. In fact, it becomes quite delightful once one has caught a glimpse of 1980 hiking boots underneath the long skirt and apron.

Most national parks suffer from an overabundance of tourists, but crowding is especially severe in Yosemite. Although the park consists of 1,189 square miles, the famed valley, home of such natural wonders as Bridalveil Falls and Half Dome, a 5,000-foot-high granite monolith, is only seven miles square. Crowded into that tiny area are four picnic areas, 10 campgrounds, two hotels, including the once-elegant Ahwahnee, a post office, a complex of stores, a restaurant, a clinic, stables, a chapel, two gas stations, a visitors' center, a nature center and park headquarters. A single road loops the valley floor, and traffic in the summer can be a nightmare.

In spite of the difficulties, every American should see Yosemite at least once before he dies. Fruited plains and shining seas are fine, but the Yosemite Valley is very nearly a religious experience. The key to appreciating it lies in locating "a good place to stop." Wawona, still peaceful after 101 years, is that place.

WAWONA HOTEL: Yosemite National Park, Calif. 95389
Telephone number: (209) 373-4171
Season: Mid-April to mid-October
Rates: $18-$31 a day, double occupancy, European plan

END



Be there!

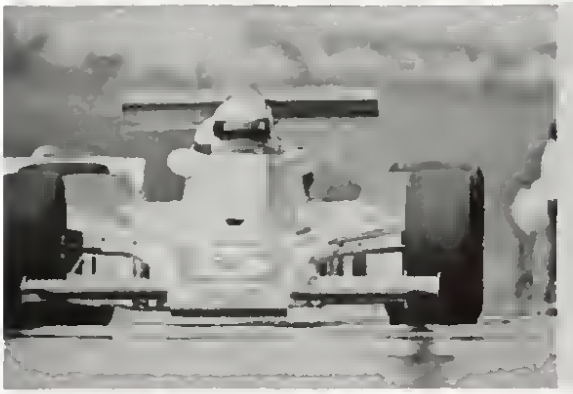
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Yesterday

by TRONO WOXEN

THROUGH PIGSTY AND UP CHIMNEY, THE RUNNER RACED FROM PARIS TO MOSCOW

On June 11, 1832, at 2:30 a.m., Mensen Ernst was wide awake. Although he had been out until midnight, he felt fit and alert. He never slept more than three or four hours at a time anyway, and he was anxious for the day to begin. Ernst, 32, was a long-distance runner, and he had bet 100,000 francs he could run from Paris to Moscow in 15 days. He would start his 1,660-mile journey this day.

The early 19th century saw an upsurge in the sport of foot racing, as it was then called. Runners seized any occasion as an excuse for a run and a wager, and Ernst had chosen June because it marked the 20th anniversary of the start of Napoleon's Russian campaign.

Ernst himself was an expatriate Norwegian who had been a lieutenant in the English Royal Navy. He was a short man, barely 5′ 7″, with a compact, muscular frame, and he had been a distance runner for 13 years. Ernst's other obsession was travel. Marathoning enabled him to see the world at little expense. In fact, the heavy betting on his adventures usually kept him well supplied with cash.

Ernst emerged from a small inn about 3 a.m. wearing a running outfit that consisted of a loose white tunic over tight black trousers, accented by a broad belt. His shoes were soft leather, and on his head sat a derby with a huge feathered plume. The hat was his good-luck piece; it had bobbed along with him on every run since his first—a 65-mile jaunt from London to Portsmouth in 1819 that had earned him £1,875.

The Paris-Moscow run began at the Place Vendôme, where Ernst received a sealed envelope addressed to the commander of the Kremlin and then jogged off.

Along the crowd-filled city streets, running was difficult, but once Ernst was out on the country road to Meaux, he could employ his usual stride. The most convenient route had been chosen, and Ernst planned to run day and night, resting whenever he felt tired. His training diet of wine, bread, raw meat and rum was readily available at inns along his route.

At the village of Château-Thierry an enormous crowd came out to cheer him on. But outside the village of Ay, he ran into a decidedly less hospitable group. Despite the publicity surrounding the event, there were those who had never heard of Ernst. Among them were two peasants who were sitting by the roadside enjoying an afternoon aperitif, and when they saw a man in a white tunic and peculiar hat rushing toward them, they captured him. Believing Ernst to be a madman, they tossed him into a dark pigsty. A day out of Paris, and already the race was in jeopardy. Ernst vainly pleaded for his release. Finally, clinking some coins, he said he could outrun the best horse they had. Not too proud to take a lunatic's money, one of the men mounted his best steed and off they went. But the rider headed in one direction and Ernst in the other—toward Chalons-sur-Marne, and there he sent word to Paris of the delay that had cost him five hours. To make up the time, Ernst ran far into the night, passing the ramparts of Verdun at sunrise and soon thereafter arriving in Metz. Using all known shortcuts, he came to Kaiserslautern in Germany on the morning of the 13th. In two days of running, he had covered more than 240 miles, a pace that modern distance runners might find unbelievable.



At noon the next day he entered Mainz and paused for bread and wine. Then he resumed the trip, heading through Frankfurt and into Jena, in what is now East Germany. Jena had seen many famous men before Ernst. Here Martin Luther had slept, Napoleon had fought, Goethe had written and Hegel had taught.

Still feeling fit, and not bothered by the hilly terrain, Ernst ran on to Tinz, where he slept for three hours. It was now June 16, the fifth day of the run.

Ernst progressed smoothly until he began crossing Galicia in Poland. There the summer heat and humidity sapped his strength. For the first time he considered quitting. But his despair vanished as he crossed the Russian border near Chelm. Now he sensed victory. He came to the Dnieper on June 21 at 11 p.m., crossed at Mogilev and headed for Moscow.

In late afternoon on June 24, a disheveled but euphoric runner entered a tavern in the village of Mozhaisk. Moscow was only about 60 miles away, and Ernst was two days ahead of schedule. He stopped for rest and a drink. But the locals considered this stranger an emissary of the devil. They ran from the tavern and locked Ernst inside. Realizing that an investigation would take days, Ernst tried to escape. There were no windows in the tavern; the only way out was through the fireplace. He took it. Terrified villagers crossed themselves as Ernst emerged black and sooty from the chimney and dashed out of town, vowing not to stop until he reached his destination.

On the morning of June 25, Ernst jogged up to the Kremlin gate. The guard mistook him for a beggar and tried to chase him away, but an officer came out to see what was causing the commotion. With a sweep of his derby and an elegant bow, Ernst said, "*Votre serviteur, Mensen Ernst à Paris.*" The officer embraced him and replied, "Welcome to Moscow, Monsieur Ernst. We did not expect you so early!" END

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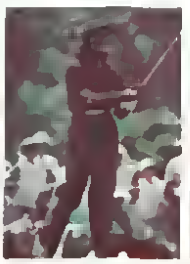
HOCKEY

7201 Rob Ramage
7202 Rene Robert
7204 Dave Maloney

☐4261 Tony Dorsett



☐4604 Nancy Lopez



☐7203 Phil Esposito



☐4507 Reggie Jackson



☐4526 Jim Rice



☐4411 David Thompson



☐4283 Roger Staubach





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4102 Ilie Nastase
4106 Evonne Goolagong
4108 Rosie Casals
4110 Vitas Gerulaitis
4111 Billie Jean King
4112 Guillermo Vilas
4113 Virginia Wade
4114 John McEnroe
4115 Martina Navratilova

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4903 Wayne Grimditch
4905 Pam Folsom

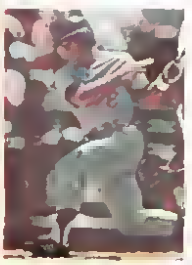
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4527 Bill Buckner
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4404 Doug Collins
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4407 Dave Cowens
4408 Artis Gilmore
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☐4434 Magic Johnson



☐4288 Franco Harris



☐4101 Bjorn Borg



☐4514 Dave Parker



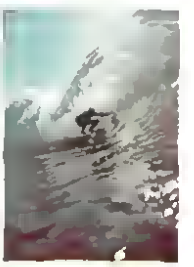
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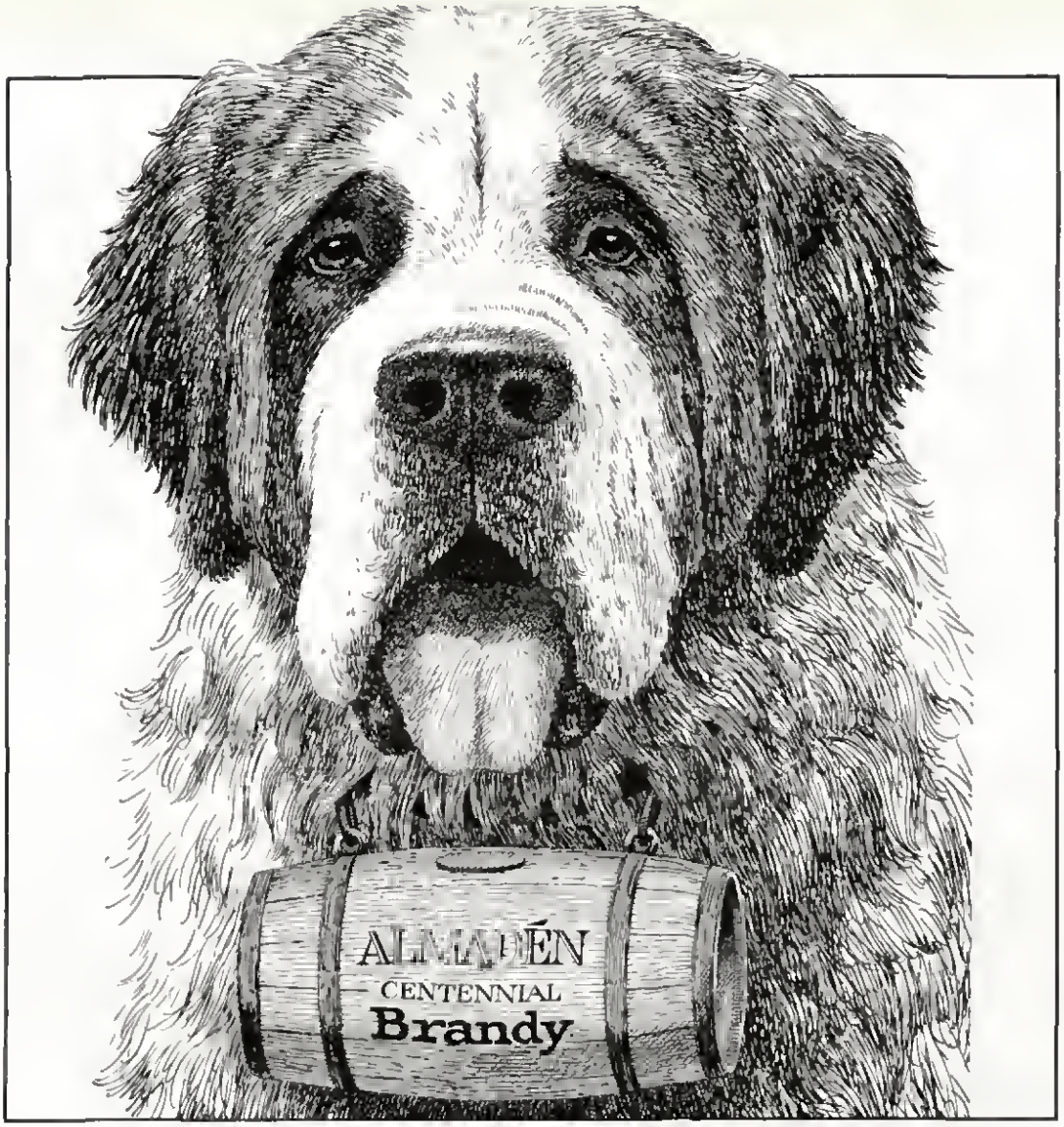
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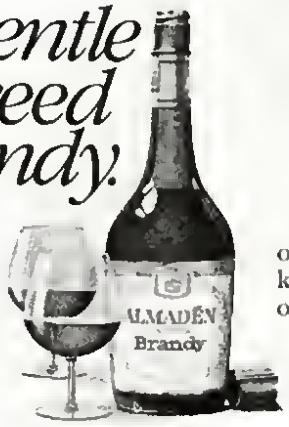
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 2-8

Compiled by ROY S JOHNSON

BASEBALL—Arizona defeated Hawaii 5–3 in the final game to win the 34th College World Series in Omaha

BOXING—JAMES WATT successfully defended his WBC lightweight title with a unanimous 15-round decision over Howard Davis in Glasgow *(page 54)*

GOLF—SALLY LITTLE shot a three-under-par 285 to win the $150,000 LPGA Championship by three strokes over Jane Blalock, in Kings Island, Ohio

LARRY NELSON shot an 18-under-par 270 to win the $300,000 Atlanta Golf Classic by seven strokes over Andy Bean and Don Pooley

HARNESS RACING—NIATROSS ($2.20), Clint Galbraith driving, won the $100,000 Battle of the Brandywine for 3-year-olds in 1:57⅗ at Brandywine Raceway. It was the undefeated colt's 16th straight win

HORSE RACING—TEMPERENCE HILL ($108.80), Eddie Maple up, beat Genuine Risk by two lengths to win the Belmont Stakes. The 3-year-old colt covered the 1½ miles in 2:29⅗ *(page 20)*

SPECTACULAR BID ($2.10), Bill Shoemaker up, beat *Parmt King by 4¼ lengths to win the $319,450 Californian* stakes at Hollywood Park. The 4-year-old colt covered the 1⅛ miles in a track record 1:45⅖ to become the leading money winner ever in thoroughbred racing. He has now earned $2,394,268

SOCCER—NASL. League Commissioner Phil Woosnam laid down the law to two players involved in the June 1 *nationally televised game* between New York and Washington. In the Cosmos' 2–1 shootout victory, two Diplomar *goals were disallowed on controversial calls and* two Washington players were ejected for rough play or improper conduct toward officials. The Dips' subsequent protest proved fruitless as Midfielder Joe Horvath was suspended for two games, and the score was allowed to stand. Woosnam also fined Cosmos Defender Wim Rijsbergen an undisclosed amount and ordered him to send a letter of apology to a New York sportswriter, whom he shoved following a game in April. The Dips (4–8) then defeated Philadelphia 2–1 after Alan Green tied the game with only :37 left in regulation play and later lost to ASC Central leader Chicago (11–3) 5–2. Arno Steffenhagen scored three goals for the Sting, who had been upset 2–1 by Memphis. The Rogues won that game even though they were forced to play a man short after Player-Coach Charlie Cooke was ejected in the 25th minute. Seattle's stingy goalie, Jack Brand, got his ninth shutout of the season as the Sounders, now 13–1 and atop the NSC West, beat Edmonton 2–0, then topped San Diego 3–2 for their 11th straight win, just two short of the league record. The Drillers (6–6) bounced back to beat Los Angeles 5–1 on two goals apiece by Midfielder Klaus Heinlein and Forward Henk Tencate. NASL defending champion Vancouver is suffering. After losing a 1–0 shootout to San Diego at home and 2–0 to San Jose, last in the ASC West, the Whitecaps were 5–8 on the year and 2–4 at home. Conversely, Tulsa (8–4) and Fort Lauderdale (9–6) are enjoying surprising success, leading the NSC Central and ASC Eastern divisions, respectively. The Roughnecks beat the Strikers 2–1 as rookie Goalie Paul Turin made his debut and was named the star of the game. ASC West leader California (8–7) got its third straight win, beating Minnesota 1–0 with Laurie Abrahams getting the game winner at 77:10. Cosmos Forward Giorgio Chinaglia scored his 500th career goal against the Dips then added another in a 2–1 win over New England and a hat trick as New York (10–2) beat Atlanta 6–0. The Cosmos, leader of the NSC East, now have scored in a league-record 51 consecutive games.

ASL American Conference leader Sacramento's Goalie Tom Reynolds was *stung for two goals by Cleve*land's Andy Chapman and Sacramento lost 3–2. Still, Reynolds could hardly have felt as bad as Miami Goalkeeper Brian Parkinson, who allowed Pennsylvania to score three goals in the last nine minutes to tie the Americans 4–4. California and Golden Gate, locked in a battle for second place behind the Gold, met twice. In the completion of a suspended game, Golden Gates' Emilio Romero scored a goal in overtime to tie the game 3–3. And in the regularly scheduled game, Goalie John *Lythgoe shut out the Sunshine 2–0*

TENNIS—BJORN BORG beat Vitas Gerulaitis 6–4, 6–1, 6–2 to win his fifth French Open men's title. CHRIS EVERT LLOYD beat Virginia Ruzici 6–0, 6–3 to take the women's title for the fourth time *(page 24)*

TRACK & FIELD—At the NCAA championships in Austin, Texas, JEFF WOODARD of the University of Alabama high-jumped 7' 7¼" to tie the American record set by Dwight Stones in 1976. UTEP won the team title by outscoring runner-up UCLA 69–46

LYUDMILA KONDRATYEVA of the U.S.S.R. set a women's world record of 10.87 in the 100-meter dash in Leningrad, surpassing by .01 the mark established by Marlies Gohr of East Germany in 1977

MILEPOSTS—HIRED: By the Indiana Pacers, former Los Angeles Laker Coach JACK McKINNEY, 44, to replace Bob (Slick) Leonard, 47, who was released after 12 seasons as the Pacers' coach and four years as their general manager. McKinney, who had a 9–4 record in his first season with the Lakers before being injured in a bicycle accident on Nov. 8, 1979 that sidelined him for the rest of the season, becomes only the third coach in Indiana's history. Leonard, the fourth winningest coach ever in pro basketball with a 573–534 career record, was 37–45 during the 1979-80 season

By the St. Louis Cardinals, WHITEY HERZOG, 48, to replace Ken Boyer, who was fired after guiding the Cards to an 18–33 start this season. Herzog managed at Kansas City from 1975 through 1979 and led the Royals to three consecutive American League West titles before he was dismissed after a second-place finish in '79

As coach of the Detroit Pistons, SCOTTY ROBERTSON, 50, who in brief stints with the New Orleans Jazz (1974) and Chicago Bulls (1979) had a 12–29 record. He replaces Richie Adubato, who had been the *interim coach since Dick Vitale was fired in November*

RETIRED: After 32 seasons and 2,421 games in the NHL and WHA, more than any other player, GORDIE HOWE, 52, of the Hartford Whalers. Howe made his debut with Detroit in 1946. He scored a record 1,071 goals, was the NHL's Most Valuable Player six times, won the scoring title six times, and appeared in 22 All-Star games. In his *most productive season* (1968–69), he scored 44 goals and had 103 points for Detroit.

TRADED: By the Seattle SuperSonics, two-time All-Star Guard DENNIS JOHNSON, 25, for Phoenix Guard PAUL WESTPHAL, 29, a four-time All-Star. Johnson, who was named the 1979 championship series MVP, was the only unanimous choice to the all-defensive team the past two years. A 14.2-point-per-game *scorer during his four-season career, he had a 19.0* average in 1979-80. Westphal, who scored 21.9 points a game this season, has an eight-year average of 17.1

CREDITS

20,21—Dan Bahotti. **22**—Tony Triolo (top), Jarry Cooke. **23**—Walter Iooss Jr. **26**—Tony Tomsic. **23**—Tony Tomsic (bottom left), Heinz Kluetmeier (2). **30-32**—Lane Stewart. **36**—Lori Grinker. **36,37**—Lori Grinker (left), John Iacono (2). **38**—John Iacono. **41**—Lori Grinker. **42**—Tony Triolo. **47,48**—Jarry Wachtar. **87**—John Iacono. **81**—Mike Scully (1).

FACES IN THE CROWD



VAUGHN BROADNAX
XENIA, OHIO

Vaughn, a 6' 3", 235-pound senior wrestler for Xenia High, had a 34–0 (30 pins) record and won the Ohio state heavyweight title. Also a fullback, he ran for 802 yards last season for Xenia and will attend Ohio State on a football grant.





JEANNETTE EPPLEY
CHICAGO

GAIL ROPER
LOS ALTOS, CALIF.

Eppley, 60, won five events in the women's 60-64 division of the national AAU masters short-course swimming championships in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. She set U.S. age-group records in the 1,650-yard freestyle, the 50 and 100 butterfly and the 100 and 200 individual medleys. Roper, 50, also won five events, setting a U.S. 50-54 age-group record in each. She won the 500 freestyle, the 50 and 100 butterfly and the 100 and 200 individual medleys.





KEITH COUSINO
ERIE, MICH.

PENNY SOOHER
DAYTON

Keith, 12, won his fourth Ohio state age-group boys' all-around gymnastics title, placing first in the pommel horse, vault and horizontal bar. He also finished second in the floor exercises, third on the parallel bars and fourth in the rings. Penny, a sophomore at Belmont High who four years ago suffered a slipped disk and torn cartilage in her back that sidelined her for two seasons, won the girls' high school all-around title, with wins in balance beam, floor exercises and uneven parallel bars.



SONJA HUTCHERSON
MEMPHIS, TEXAS

Sonja, a senior at Memphis High, beat Tracey Tatum 6–1, 6–0 to win her fourth Class A state girls' singles tennis title. A two-time all-league basketball player (scoring average: 15.0), she will attend Texas A&M on a tennis scholarship.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE CUP

Sir:

I am a proud New York Islander fan of eight long, frustrating, beautiful years' standing. Tears of joy came to my eyes when I watched Denis Potvin and Clark Gillies hoist the Stanley Cup (*Putting the Hammer to the Old Bugaboo*, June 2). But then tears of disappointment came to my eyes when Johnny Rutherford's picture appeared on the cover of your magazine.

HAL B. PARTON
Massapequa Park, N.Y.

Sir:

I was shocked to see that the Stanley Cup champions, the New York Islanders, weren't on your June 2 cover. Instead, Johnny Rutherford was featured for having won a truly boring (and one of the slowest) Indy 500s in years. Shame on you!

LISA STOOR
Clifton, N.J.

Sir:

Congratulations, SI! Before this year's hockey season, you predicted that the Islanders would win the Stanley Cup. Needless to say, you were right. So for this great effort go out and have a beer on Bill Torrey.

PETER STSKIND
New York City

Sir:

Philadelphia Flyer fans are sure to be angry over the controversial "missed" offsides call by the linesman in the final Stanley Cup game against the Islanders. Rarely does an error by an official have such an immediate and devastating result (the Islanders scored a goal).

Both Stanley Cup contenders benefited from some "missed" calls during the playoffs. I never heard them complain when it was in their favor.

The perennial call by fans for electronic officiating can only serve to slow up the momentum of probably the fastest-paced game in all of sports.

HORST MANN
Editor
Detroit Monitor
Warren, Mich.

BAKC TALK

Sir:

If SI finally wrote something good about the Mets, the magic must be bakc. As a loyal fan, I thoroughly enjoyed the article by Steve Wulf in your June 2 issue. Everyone takes cheap shots at the Mets. But us loyal fans, who have stuck it out for three long years in the cellar, will have the last laugh.

MIKE KRINICK
Bridgewater, N.J

Sir.

Reading Wulf's article on the hapless Mets did everything but bring tears to the eyes of my Saint Bernard. I live in sight of Shea Stadium, but when it comes to spending a night out at a ball park, I may travel across town to a place less safe than Iran but more exciting than being held hostage by the unmagic Mets.

STEVE MORTATI
Flushing, N.Y.

Sir:

We have reached the following conclusion: Lee Mazzilli is a perfect 10, and Bucky Dent is a 9.999. How come New York gets them both?

DIANE WANCHIC
MARY HADOBAS
KAREN FINNEGAN
Mingo Junction, Ohio
Weirton, W. Va.

Sir:

The Mets really blew it when they hired Jerry Della Femina to do their promotional work. They should have hired that master catcher and public relations man John Stearns, who longs for the day when "50,000 idiots" are in Shea Stadium again rooting for the Mets.

With an attitude like that, is it any wonder that the Mets are a very distant second to the Yankees in New York's baseball popularity struggle?

R.D. BERGER
Miami

DRY VOTE

Sir.

In Steve Wulf's article (*Strangers in the Limelight*, May 26) he mentions the push by some Toronto fans to allow beer to be sold in the stadium. Personally, I would like to salute the Toronto baseball organization for keeping their ball park dry. I believe it is high time for Christians and nondrinkers in general to protest the sale of beer at *all* sporting events. For too long we have been subjected to verbal (and sometimes physical) abuse by the drinkers.

DALE J. SILVERTOOTH
Longview, Texas

BIRDWATCHING MAGIC

Sir:

John Papanek's article on the NBA championship series (*Arms and the Man*, May 26) made Earvin (Magic) Johnson sound like the greatest thing since sliced bread. Granted, Johnson did have an absolutely incredible playoff series against the Sixers. But Papanek's claim that Larry Bird's imminent victory over Magic in the Rookie of the Year balloting "will forever seem ridiculous" is off-base on two accounts.

First of all, the Rookie of the Year is strictly a regular-season award, based on the same 82-game season upon which Bird and New York's Bill Cartwright (whose team didn't even make the playoffs) were judged. Secondly, despite Johnson's superhuman effort in that final playoff series, Bird proved to the entire league that he was a fundamentally sounder player and a better all-round performer. Many observers have called him the greatest passer who ever lived, a department that is supposedly Magic's strong suit. And Bird showed how varied his talents are by spending most of the season as the second-ranked three-point field-goal shooter in the league and the 10th best rebounder. Oh yeah, he also averaged just under 22 points per game.

In 1978-79 Magic led Michigan State to the NCAA championship, but Bird was rightfully named the College Player of the Year. In 1979-80 Magic again won his championship, but Bird was again rightfully named the better player.

JERRY RIES
Denver

HUMPHRIES' ACHIEVEMENT

Sir:

Many thanks for Douglas S. Looney's article on Stefan Humphries (*The Can't Miss Kid*, May 26). It is inspiring to those of us who are starving to fulfill our potentials to know that there are people who require excellence, and who don't stop when their goals are achieved but work for even bigger and better accomplishments. The story of the Humphries family gives me confidence in the human race.

SAM HISER
Ridgewood, N.J.

Sir.

The Can't Miss Kid was a beautiful follow-up to your May 19 article on student-athletes. I wish there were more Stefan Humphries at the university I attend.

R KING
Waco, Texas

Sir:

Looney credits St. Thomas Aquinas High School Kicking Coach Ed (Doc) Storey with the quote, "There is something in good men that really yearns for . . needs . . . discipline and the harsh reality of head-to-head combat. . . . I believe that any man's finest hour is the moment when he worked his heart out in a good cause and lies exhausted on the field of battle, victorious." Let's give credit where credit is due—that quote was made famous by Vince Lombardi.

DAVID A. MARKS
Blue Bell, Pa.

continued

Stress can rob you of vitamins. And zinc.

What science tells us about stress and vitamins.

Stress is your body's reaction to any physical condition that places an unusual demand on it. When it upsets your nutritional balance, stress—whether due to physical overwork, fad dieting, alcohol, a severe infection or injury—may cause a vitamin depletion.



It's true that certain vitamins are stockpiled in the body for emergency use. But most of the water-soluble vitamins are not. If the extraordinary nutritional demands of stress are prolonged, a deficiency of these vitamins can develop.

The importance of zinc during stress.

Zinc is an essential mineral found in human tissues. It is involved in dozens of the body's biochemical activities, including digestion, respiration, and the normal growth of bone and skin cells. Because zinc requirements have also been found to increase during various forms of stress, it has recently been concluded that there are times when your body may also need more zinc.

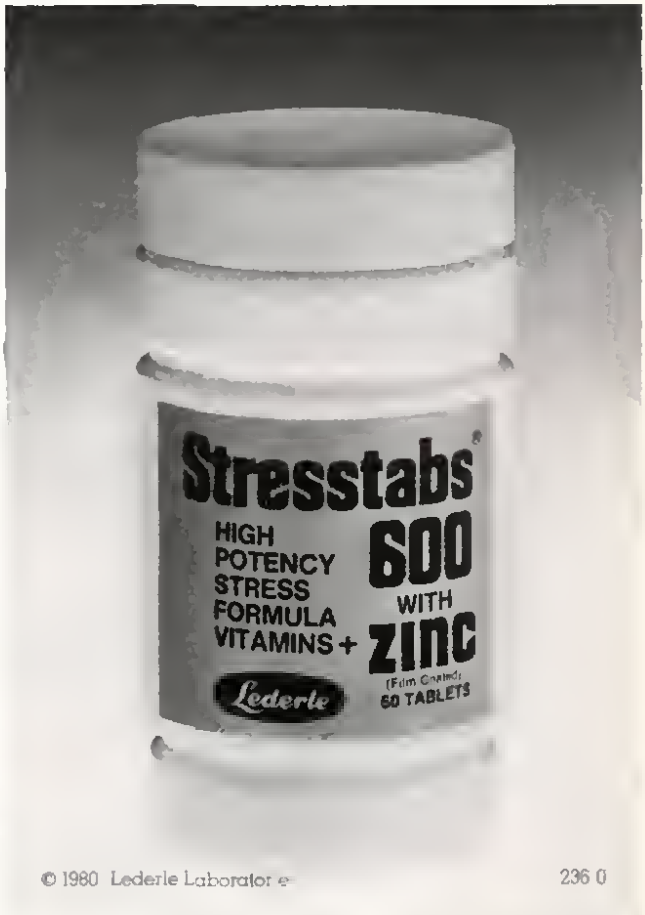
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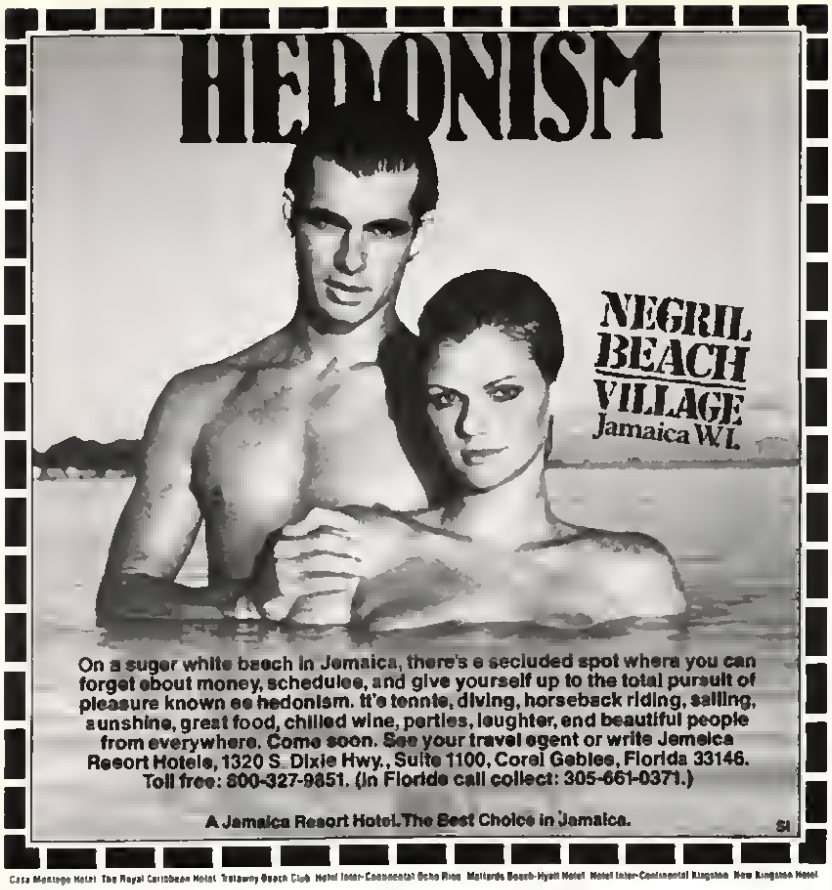
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SHOE ON THE RIGHT FOOT

Sir:

Congratulations to William Nack for his expertly written article on the great jockey Bill Shoemaker (*The Shoe*, June 2). The introductory portion about Shoe's birth was a classic. Shoe deserves all the compliments, for he is truly a gentleman on or off a horse.

RAY GOLDEY
Tampa

Sir:

Obviously Bill Shoemaker knows more about guiding a horse than he does about guiding an automobile. If he drives home from Santa Anita to San Marino by way of Laurel Canyon Blvd. and Moorpark St., he's going at least 25 miles out of his way. At that rate he never would have won race No. 1.

SKIP NEVELL
Los Angeles

• On the evening Shoemaker stopped to buy flowers for his wife, they were still living in Beverly Hills—and the florist was hardly a furlong out of his way.—ED

BLUE WATER

Sir:

In the three years our son Matt has been rowing for Yale, we've read accounts of lots of races in dozens of publications here and in England. I've never before read a piece that so beautifully captured the essence of the sport, its pain, vagaries and rewards, as well as the rather unique spirit of oarsmen, as Dan Levin's splendid story on this year's Eastern Sprints (*The Whole Truth Is . . .*, May 26). As a Yale mother, I expected a somewhat painful read; I was rewarded with a celebration and affirmation of the sport our son pursues, and I thank you for that.

CLAIRE LABINE
New York City

GALBREATH'S EXAMPLE

Sir:

I commend William F. Reed for his article on John W. Galbreath (*He's Still Filling His Horn of Plenty*, May 19). For this Ohio State fan, it was interesting to learn how the top recruiters got top athletes and heartening to know that honesty prevailed. I am proud Galbreath plays such a part in OSU athletics.

GREG MYERS
Sycamore, Ohio

Sir:

I was struck by the contrast between John Underwood's article on the student-athlete hoax and Reed's story about Galbreath. Surely the dazzle of power and privilege with which millionaire Galbreath influences prospective Ohio State athletic recruits is another face of the problem.

JANE SPOTTS
Enola, Pa.

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Carlton Soft Pack	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton 100's Box	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton 100's Soft Pack	**less than 6**	**0.5**
Kent	11	0.9
Kent 100's	14	1.0
Merit	8	0.6
Merit 100's	10	0.7
Vantage	11	0.8
Vantage 100's	12	0.9
Winston Lights	14	1.1
Winston Lights 100's	13	1.0





Carlton Menthol.

King & 100's

The lighter menthols.

King—Less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic. 100's—Only 5 mg. tar, 0.4 mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.06 mg "tar", 0.01 mg. nicotine; 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Soft Pack: 1 mg "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; Menthol: Less than 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; 100's Soft Pack: Less than 6 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine; 100's Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.